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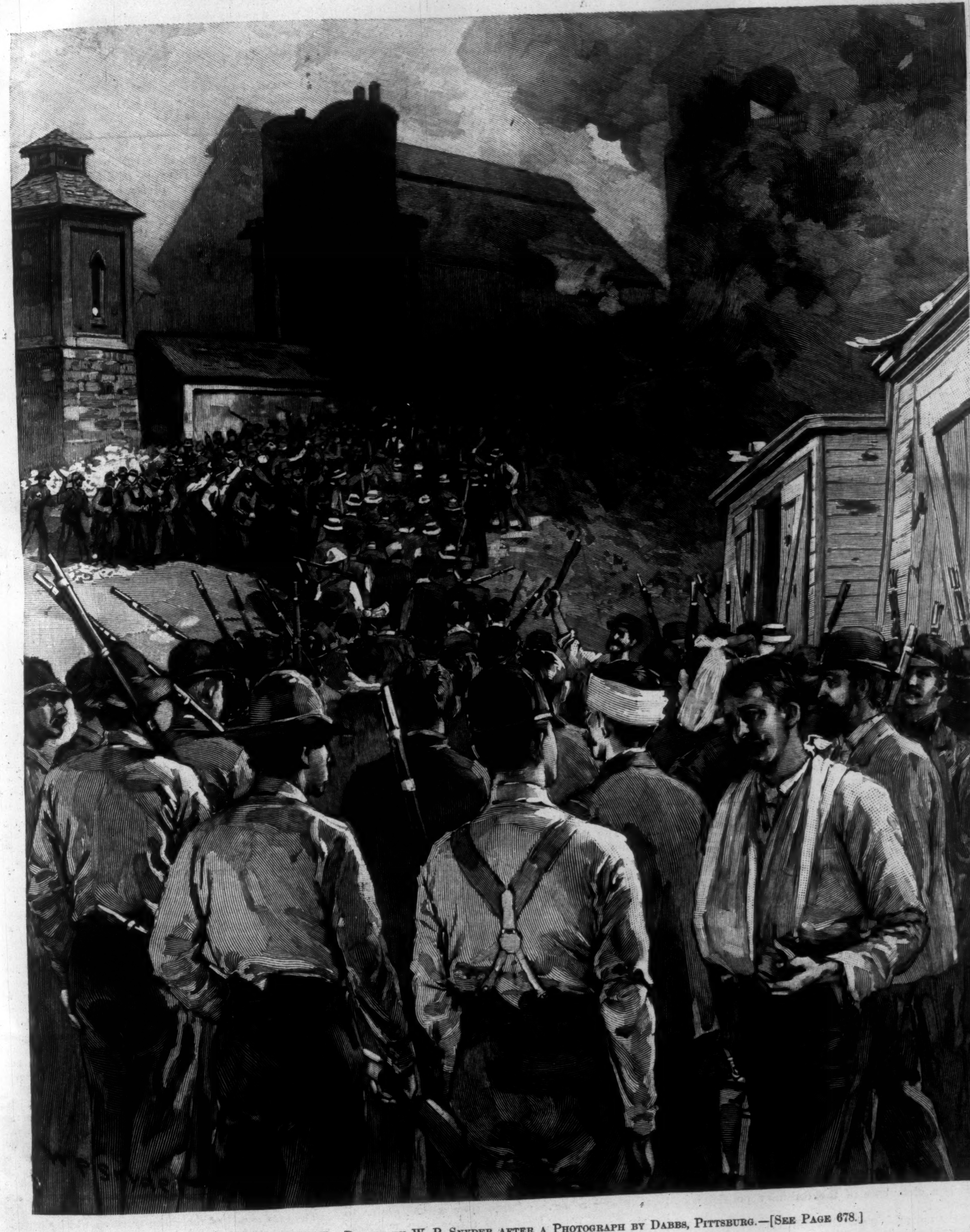

THE HOMESTEAD RIOT.—DRAWN BY W. P. SNYDER AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY DABBS, PITTSBURG.—[SEE PAGE 678.]

THE PINKERTON MEN LEAVING THE BARGES AFTER THE SURRENDER.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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THE FREE-COINAGE CONFUSION IN CONGRESS.

IN the history of American politics there is nothing more grotesque than the position of those Senators and Representatives in Congress who recently supported Mr. STEWART'S bill for the free coinage of silver. The two great political parties had just held their National Conventions. Both Conventions had in their platforms pronounced themselves against free coinage—if not directly, at least with manifest intent and by clear implication—the Democrats even more pointedly than the Republicans. These declarations were not mere accidental by-play, but had been adopted with great deliberation as utterances of uncommon importance after warm contests in the committees on resolutions. Both Conventions had nominated as candidates for the Presidency men whose public utterances leave no doubt that each of them, as President, would oppose his veto power to any free-coinage measure. Now all these Senators and Representatives in Congress who, after all this, have given their support to a free-coinage bill pretend to be "good Republicans" or "good Democrats," as the case may be. They are not only professedly strict party men, but, in a larger or smaller sense, party leaders.

As commonly understood, a strict party man is he who swears by the party creed as formulated by the regular party convention; who votes for his party ticket, and who supports the officers elected by his party in carrying out the regularly promulgated party principles. But the strict party men in Congress who supported the free-coinage bill have not only repudiated an essential article of their party creed, but also declared themselves against the avowed principles of their party candidates for the Presidency. Yet they will advocate the election of these candidates, of whom they know that each of them will promptly avail himself of any opportunity to kill the measure for which so many of their adherents have been doing battle. And inasmuch as one of these candidates is President now, and the free-coinage men have not votes enough in this Congress to overcome a veto, and there is not the slightest probability that they will have votes enough in the next, it is certain that the free-coinage bill can become a law neither under the present nor under the next administration, and that its friends have engaged in an enterprise which is utterly hopeless for nearly five years to come. Surely, there can be nothing more ridiculously absurd than the conduct of the strict party men who espoused the free-coinage bill under such circumstances, especially of the Southern Democrats among them, who by their strange antics ran the risk of reviving old prejudices, and of endangering the otherwise very promising chances of their party in the Presidential election.

How can such things happen? The explanation is not far to seek. There are several classes of free-coinage men in Congress—those from the mining States, who think of nothing but the greedy interest they serve; some honest and fanatical theorists, like Mr. BLAND, Mr. MORGAN, and the spokesmen of the Farmers' Alliance, who believe that free coinage would furnish "more money," and that those who need more money would, in some way get some of it; some tricky demagogues, like Senator HILL, who desire to fish in troubled waters; and finally, a much larger number of men from the West and the South who have never thought much about the subject, or who are at heart convinced that free coinage is a delusion and a snare, but who vote for it because they think their constituents wish it, and that to disobey that wish would be detrimental to their own political fortunes. This last class constitutes the bulk of the free-coinage force in Congress. Many, if not most of them, would willingly vote against free coinage if they could do it secretly. But they do not dare to do it openly for fear of offending a powerful influence in their districts and of losing their seats. With them it is a clear case of the ordinary politician's cowardice.

More than anything else this politician's cowardice is answerable for the growth of the silver "craze." Nothing is more certain than that the free-coinage fallacy would never have deluded so many untutored minds had the public men who recognized it as a fallacy, instead of pusillanimously yielding to the current, courageously breasted it at an early stage. The demand for the payment of the national bonds with depreciated paper money and the greenback-inflation movement were as strong in their time as the free-coinage movement is to-day. But wherever they were boldly and vigorously attacked, they succumbed to argumentative discussion without long resistance. They turned out to be far less general and powerful than they had appeared to be. They survived only in a comparatively small number of infatuated theorists, with a meagre following of weak-minded disciples. The great mass of the people showed itself much more disposed to obey the dictates of honor and of common-sense than the pusillanimous politicians had anticipated.

It is true the free-coinage movement has in the financially able and aggressively greedy mining interest an uncommonly powerful, well-organized, and persistent force behind it. But the main stronghold of that force is, after all, only in the mining States. How weak it is outside of these was clearly demonstrated in the Conventions of the two great political parties. All its efforts to control these were unavailing. The equanimity with which the delegations from the agricultural States, in which the free-coinage sentiment was thought to be overwhelming, accepted the anti-free-coinage resolutions proved clearly that the silver craze has really no very strong hold upon the popular mind, and will readily succumb to a vigorous onset. That after this demonstration so many men in Congress should have been weak enough to sacrifice their party fealty to a bugbear created by their own cowardice, and to entangle themselves in so ludicrous a confusion, makes their position appear all the more pitiable.

Another effect, and not the least important one, of the free-coinage episode in Congress will be greatly to diminish the prestige of party platforms. Even without this occurrence that prestige would have been slim enough. Platform promises have often enough been broken by administrations that had been elected upon them to lose much of their credit. But when it appears, as it does in this case, that platforms may be promulgated to-day to be set aside to-morrow by a large number of party spokesmen in Congress, even before the campaign in which the platforms are to mark the lines of division is fairly opened, they will be stripped of the last shred of dignity and value. Under such circumstances it is all the more important that the political parties should nominate candidates who are platforms in themselves. The Democrats, who in the free-coinage business played so questionable a part, may indeed congratulate themselves upon having in Mr. CLEVELAND a candidate who fills this requirement in so satisfactory a manner.

THE POLITICIAN AND THE MUGWUMP.

MR. BOURKE COCKRAN'S nocturnal speech at Chicago continues to excite the discussion that it deserves as an apology for the recalcitrant attitude of Tammany towards the choice of the party—an attitude which was taken in 1876, and has scarcely been modified since. The speech is the most elaborate attempt that has been made to present the case of the politicians against the mugwump, and to give reasons for their opposition to that disturbing element in politics. The statement was essentially droll, because the reason appeared to be that Tammany was against Mr. CLEVELAND because the mugwumps were for him. The mugwumps, according to Mr. COCKRAN, are unmanageable and disagreeable people, who do not profess to belong to the Democratic party, and who do not bind themselves in advance to support its candidate, but who nevertheless arrogate the right of naming that candidate. They will support Mr. CLEVELAND, but they will not support anybody else, and even while supporting him they will insist that he is better than his party, and will continue to deride and despise that party. This disposition of theirs, according to Mr. COCKRAN, is very offensive and grievous to Tammany Hall.

The contention thus outlined is doubtless that not merely of Tammany Hall, but of the Democratic politicians in general, though few Democratic politicians care to publish it with the artless innocence of the good Mr. COCKRAN. It is no secret at all that Mr. CLEVELAND has, as the French phrase goes, "imposed himself" upon his party, and that the politicians of that party would be glad to dispense with him if they could. They have taken him because there is an alternative even more abhorrent to them than the nomination of Mr. CLEVELAND, and that is the election of the Republican candidate. They have taken him, that is to say, because he will attract more votes than any other man they could name, certainly than any other candidate they would prefer to name. The votes he would attract are precisely those of the intractable and despicable mugwumps. Mr. CLEVELAND is by no means the first candidate who has thus imposed himself upon the Democratic party. In the Convention of 1876 one conspicuous delegate is reported to have said to another, "I suppose you and I are the only two men in this Convention who are favorable to the nomination of TILDEN because we are personally friendly to him; but, even if we were not, it would make no difference, he would be nominated all the same." That is to say, Mr. TILDEN was then the strongest candidate the Democrats could put forward—just as Mr. CLEVELAND is now. The practical politicians did not like him, but as practical politicians it was their business to nominate the man with whom they had the best chance. They would have regarded it as extremely childish to scrutinize the motives of the men who were ready to vote for him and not ready to vote for any other candidate, or to object to propitiating such voters with a nomination they would accept while continuing to "despise and deride" the Democratic party. That performance was reserved for 1892 and for Mr. BOURKE COCKRAN.

It is quite possible to understand and even intellectually to sympathize with the objection of the politicians to the mugwumps without agreeing that it is wise for a politician to blurt out that objection in public. The mugwumps cannot be "got at." Nobody can control their votes or pledge their support in return for any consideration shown to himself. They will continue, in spite of the politicians, to vote for whomsoever they prefer, even though they find him superior to his party, and even though they continue to "despise and deride" his party.

A great majority of the delegates to Chicago may probably be called, with propriety and without offence, professional politicians, and Mr. CLEVELAND is not a professional politicians' candidate. If the nomination at Chicago had assured the election of the candidate, we may be pretty sure that it would not have fallen upon Mr. CLEVELAND. But the majority of the politicians meant to win, and accordingly they nominated their strongest man, in spite of the eloquent and tearful remonstrance of Tammany Hall against propitiating the mugwumps, or, as a Tammany statesman once expressed it, against "pandering to the better element." Nothing could be more absurd and futile than to ascribe the nomination on the first ballot, and by more than a two-thirds vote, to the machinations of the candidate's friends, whom for four years he has been without power to reward. It was simply the conviction of Mr. CLEVELAND'S popular strength that forced his nomination upon the Convention, and it is extremely queer to hear the spokesman of Tammany Hall objecting that the candidate will receive the support of voters whose Democracy is open to suspicion. Instead of inquiring into the motives of the mugwumps, the truly practical politician should inquire merely how many of them there may probably be.

THE REBELLION AT HOMESTEAD.

SOCIETY and civilization are at bay in an important town of Pennsylvania, and no one can foresee how far the future of the commonwealth will be determined by the success of its government in meeting this crisis. An armed mob has overthrown the rule of law, usurped the possession and control of property, superseded the guardians of the peace, and proclaimed its own will as supreme. It has forbidden the owners of land to occupy it, and their working-men to enter on it and work for wages on pain of death. It has defied the county and the State, and when men employed by the owners of the buildings now held by trespassers have approached them for the purpose of entering, the mob has shot down some, forced the surrender of the rest under pledge of safe-conduct, and then stabbed, stoned, blinded, cudgelled, and in various ways maimed its unarmed and unresisting captives with a brutality rarely heard of in our times. Yet the only offence charged against these victims of the mob was that they were supposed to come in order to protect honest working-men in earning their wages.

To this state of lawlessness and sovereignty of an armed rebellion it appears that the government of the county and that of the State acquiesced for eight days with scarcely more than a mild protest. At last, on Sunday, the sheriff declared his helplessness, and the Governor called for the militia to preserve order. It will appear hereafter, when passion has cooled and all the facts are known, how far this delay has been unavoidable; but its present effect is most unfortunate. The whole nation knew a week ago that a strong mob had been organized and armed, by determined leaders, for the purpose of interfering with property rights, and hindering the peaceful employment of labor; and had threatened death to any man who should assert the rights they wished to destroy. In any other civilized land these acts constitute treason as well as rebellion, and are the highest crimes known to the law. Their criminality is none the less that they are aimed at the sovereignty of the republic, and not of a king. Doubtless Pennsylvania had the moral and physical force within reach to restore order and reinstate law. It is probable that a simple declaration of a purpose to exert this force would have sufficed. But it was not made, and the slaughter and cruelty of last Wednesday were the natural result.

The only aspect of the entire situation which demands attention now is that law is overthrown, and a mob is in control. In any civilized land this fact constitutes a supreme emergency, and the existence of society must be held as at stake until the mob is crushed. It is a disgrace to the nation that the public discussion of the affair by the press and by legislators has complicated and obscured the real question at issue. The spirit of the demagogue, who is afraid lest voters or readers be made foes if he dare call murder and robbery by their right names, has been too manifest. The journal or the public man that approves the lawless mob of Homestead or its leaders insults the working-men of the nation by assuming that they are at heart robbers and murderers too. No sympathy can be too deep for laborers and their families who are called to face the loss of livelihood, nor for misguided men who, in the sincere belief that they are asserting their own rights, destroy themselves in attacks on the rights of others. But personal sympathy with individuals must not affect our judgment upon a crisis in which civil government and the order of society are at stake.

We give no credence to the rumor circulated on Monday by many journals that the Governor of Pennsylvania, while calling out the troops to re-establish the dethroned and trampled laws, was in communication with the chief conspirators who have instigated the riot. This is impossible. To advise with them as to the conduct of their campaign against the law would be to abdicate his office. Governor Pattison may lack the force to be equal to a great emergency, but he has not hitherto shown himself a demagogue or a coward.

AN EXPENSIVE RIGHT OF WAY.

When the elevated railways in New York were projected and built under the authority of legislative enactments, it was thought that the right of way would cost practically nothing. This unæsthetic structure, which has done so much for the development of property on the northern end of Manhattan Island, does not run through private property, nor does it to any considerable extent obstruct the traffic on the highways over which it is built. The franchise given by the State was considered to be ample authority to use these highways without paying damages to the owners of abutting property. But the highest court of the State decided some ten years ago that there is property in surrounding light and air not to be confiscated without compensation, and that property-owners who suffer from the dust and cinders and noise coming from trains must be paid for the damage to their property and the enjoyment of it, notwithstanding that the nuisance was initiated under the sanction of the Legislature.

Since this decision was rendered great legal battles have been fought in the courts between the property-owners on one side and the elevated railroad on the other, and damages to the amount of nearly a million and a half of dollars have been awarded to the complaining property-owners. This amount, it is thought, does not represent, by any means, all that has been or must be paid by the elevated railroad on account of the right of way, as a very great many cases have been settled privately and out of court and no judgments recorded. There are now pending in the courts some seven hundred cases yet unheard. In those streets occupied by the elevated roads, and to which the city did not have the title in fee, the railroad company has settled all of the cases except those where the property was sold pending the determination of the litigation. But even in such cases the Court of Appeals has held that the sale of the property was no bar to the continuance of the action.

These judgments and settlements will probably amount in the aggregate to so large a sum that the cost of right of way, when it is all paid for, will to some extent give actual value to at least a part of the capitalization of the company previously represented by watered stock. It may be, indeed, that in reorganizing the company now operating these roads, the capital was fixed with reference to the payment for this very expensive right of way.

THESE SPORTFUL DAYS.

While we are singing the praises of our athletic youth, and congratulating ourselves that devotion to the varied sports of the day is giving the country bigger and stronger men and women, we ought not to forget the sympathy due to most of the men, and nearly all the women, who came out of school and college a quarter of a century ago. They ought to be participating in these healthful pleasures, but they are not, for they did not learn the games nor gain the knack.

In their day they played baseball. Boating was in its infancy, tennis was unknown, football was a barbarous and unscientific contest between boots and shins, and polo was the expensive pursuit of a few very rich young men. On college greens, where their presence would now be greeted with the scorn of brawn and muscle, were seen the hoops and painted balls of the game of croquet.

The air is musical with the shouts and cries of healthy and contesting youth. It is true that once in a while an active graybeard plays a strong and steady game among the best of them, but, as a rule, the man of forty-five who has been obliged to make his own way in the world looks on, and pretends to an indifference to the joys of participation that he is far from feeling.

If only this vast variety of sport had been part of his college curriculum! He may not have been successful at baseball nor handy with the oar, but he might have played tennis or polo if he had had the chance. His play-days have been over a long time, and his working-days have had little of leisure in them. He has not kept pace with youth, so that when the games are going on he sits among the idlers, sadly disappointed when he sees a man of his own time, more fortunate than he, valiantly taking his part in the games. He can only catch the lingo of sport, and chatter about it with the ladies, while his enthusiasm, stronger than his muscles, urges him to plunge into untried fields, and brave the laughter that attends discomfiture.

He has missed a rare experience and much present joy; but his inability to enjoy to the full this out-of-door life, his unconquerable tendency to grow stout, his failure to gain the grace, endurance, power, and health that are his alone who makes his muscles and joints play in the open air, and, above all, his disappointment over it, indicate how pleasant, and even beautiful, will be the spirited middle life of the youth who are breathing in all there is of joy and heartiness in these glorious and stimulating summer days, and whose every shout gives promise of increasing years to their race.

THE EAST-SIDE ART EXHIBITION.

The University Settlement Society is doing practical missionary work among the poor people in New York. The most recent venture of the society has been an art exhibition modelled after those held annually for a dozen years past at St. Jude's Church in the East End of London. The pictures exhibited in Grand Street were borrowed by a committee of the University Settlement Society from collectors and artists, and such valuable works were secured that it was necessary to insure the collection for $150,000. Among the artists are Corot, Cazin, Vollon, Daubigny, Perrault, Jérôme, Kowalski, F. S. Church, Bierstadt, Lefebre, Huntington, Gabriel Max, W. M. Chase, J. Francis Murphy, Homer Martin, Bruce Crain, George H. Bogert, J. G. Brown, Alfred Parsons, Edwin A. Abbey, Hamilton Gibson, Frederic Remington, Joseph Pennell, Dana Gibson, and Sandford Gifford. Following the example set by the managers of the London exhibition alluded to, ballots have been given to each visitor to this show, and an invitation extended to express an opinion as to the best picture on the walls. This vote will be most interesting, as it will show how the taste of the common people differs or agrees with instructed critical judgment. At the London show the last vote was not materially different from what it probably would have been had it been taken in the most fashionable precincts of Mayfair. It is probable that this art exhibition on the east side will be followed by others every year, and it is not unlikely that picture-owners in New York will be generous with their works of art, and lend them to the society when requested.

A DIPLOMATIC INCIDENT.

The Borup case, to say the least of it, is a decidedly unpleasant incident in contemporary diplomatic history. It would be eminently unfair to reflect on Captain Borup until the matter has been thoroughly investigated. So far as we can learn from the daily press, that officer enjoys an enviable professional reputation, and he denies the more serious charge that has been made against him. Why Minister Coolidge was so swift to send him home at the demand of the French government cannot be learned until further particulars are given to the public.

It is charged that Captain Borup, acting in collusion with a government clerk, obtained possession of the plans of French defensive works, which were sold to the German and Italian governments. Captain Borup denies this accusation, but it seems to be admitted that he did obtain the plans for the use and information of his own government. Indeed, one foreign diplomat asserts that it was his duty to do this.

This is the interesting phase of the question in its present status. Why should it be the duty of our representatives abroad to play the part of spies in the countries to which they are accredited? It will not be an answer to say that such is an old law of diplomacy. Diplomacy seems to have many laws that are not in harmony with our modern code of ethics. Any effort to formulate a logical excuse for surreptitious attempts on the secrets of governments would be an interesting but not an admirable feat of ratiocination. The rule of gentlemanly conduct is the same for a public officer as for a private citizen. A man cannot be a private gentleman and an official sneak, and civilized nations should carry themselves toward one another with the same absence of duplicity that marks the relations of honorable men.

Captain Borup may not be guilty of any offence against right conduct. It is to be hoped, for his own sake, and for the sake of the army of the United States, that this will turn out to be so. But the act of which he is accused has been committed before, and, as we have seen, it is defended. Men strictly and severely punctilious in other relations have as diplomats obtained information concerning foreign powers through spies and bribery. The American people ought to be too proud and too honorable to countenance such conduct on the part of their diplomatic representatives. They can gain and hold their place among the nations of the world without this mediævalism of diplomacy.

CONTAGIOUS DISEASES AND THE HOSPITALS.

The Board of Health in New York appointed forty-seven physicians last week for work during the summer among the sick poor of the city. For two months these physicians will each give eight hours a day in missionary work among the poor who are not able to employ and pay medical men for their services. This is most admirable, for it is unfortunately very frequently the case that disease, especially among the children of the poor, makes dangerous progress before any effort is made to arrest it. A lack of knowledge and a disregard of sanitary laws by poor people seriously raise the death rate every summer, and in many cases too, from a lack of prompt medical attendance, illnesses that might be cured are allowed to become chronic. It is only right that in charitable work the first consideration should be given to the poor, but there is a point in the hospital service of New York and other American cities where that service practically breaks down. We allude to the provision for the treatment in hospitals of patients not living in private houses and suffering from contagious diseases, such as diphtheria, small-pox, and scarlet fever.

At present the only places to which such patients can be sent in New York are the Reception Hospital and Bellevue. If a child be taken ill in a boarding-house or hotel, or even in a flat house, with either diphtheria or scarlet fever, or that milder disease the measles, the child must be kept where it is, and endanger all in the same house, or be removed to places from which many parents shrink from having their children go. It would be a comparatively easy matter in connection with some existing hospital to have rooms and wards in which such patients could be treated, and nearly all danger from infection prevented. In order that such provision could be safely made, it is likely that separate buildings would have to be used. In these it would be well to have two classes of rooms—one class handsomely furnished, and with all the luxuries that the most fastidious could demand; and the other plainer and better adapted to persons of slender means. It would be well too, perhaps, to have a few larger rooms in which several beds could be placed, and persons received who are not able to pay for strictly private attendance.

Professor Dodge, of Columbia College, in a recent letter to the *Evening Post* on this deficiency in the hospital service, says:

> "Nothing more clearly shows the need of a hospital of this kind than the fact that many private houses contain rooms that can be readily isolated. If, instead of making this individual provision against contagious diseases, a number of wealthy men would co-operate and subscribe a thousand dollars each, the problem would be solved, and our great city would be able to offer to its homeless victims of diphtheria, small-pox, and scarlet fever better accommodations than the crowded wards of its charity hospitals."

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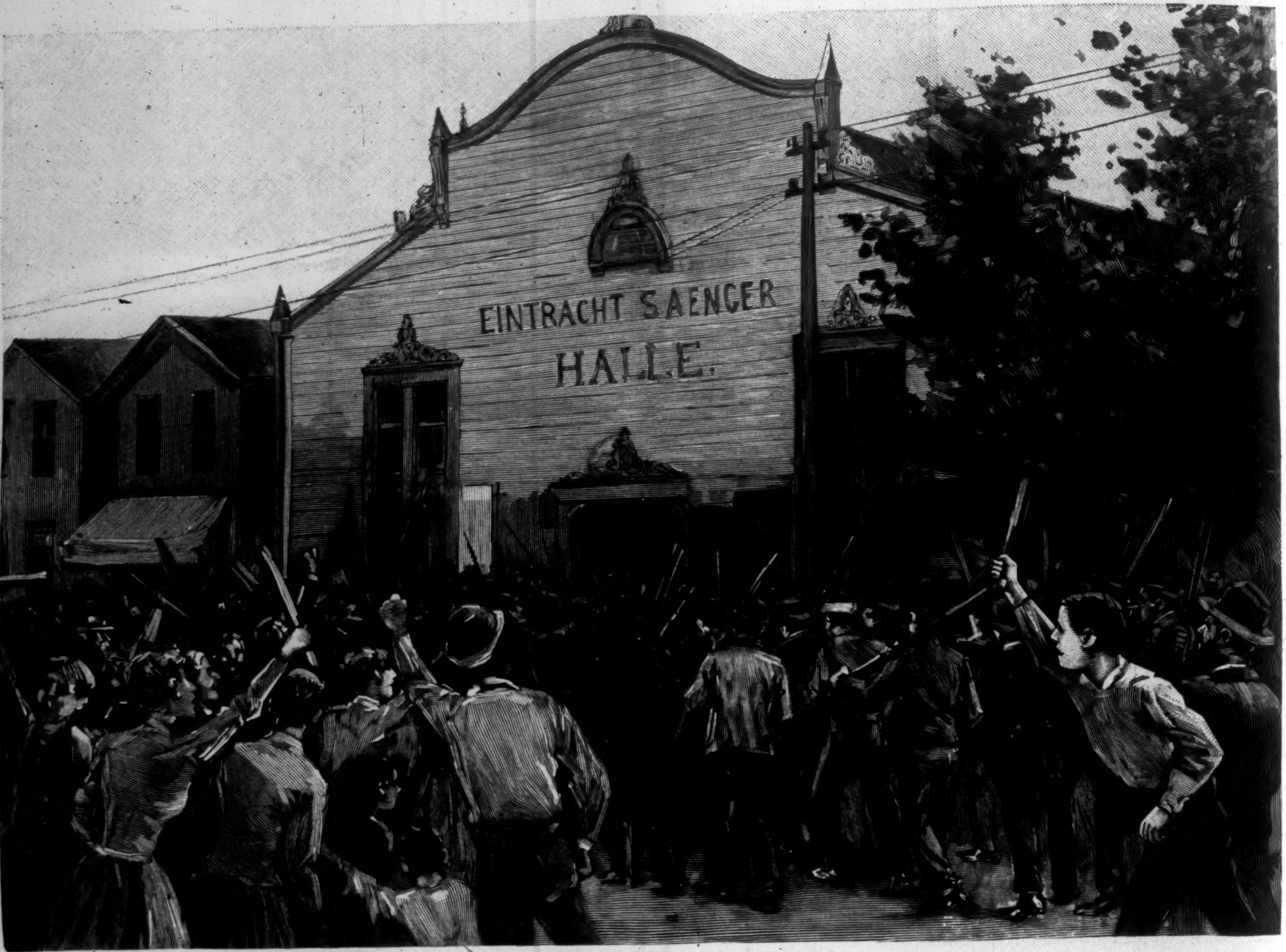
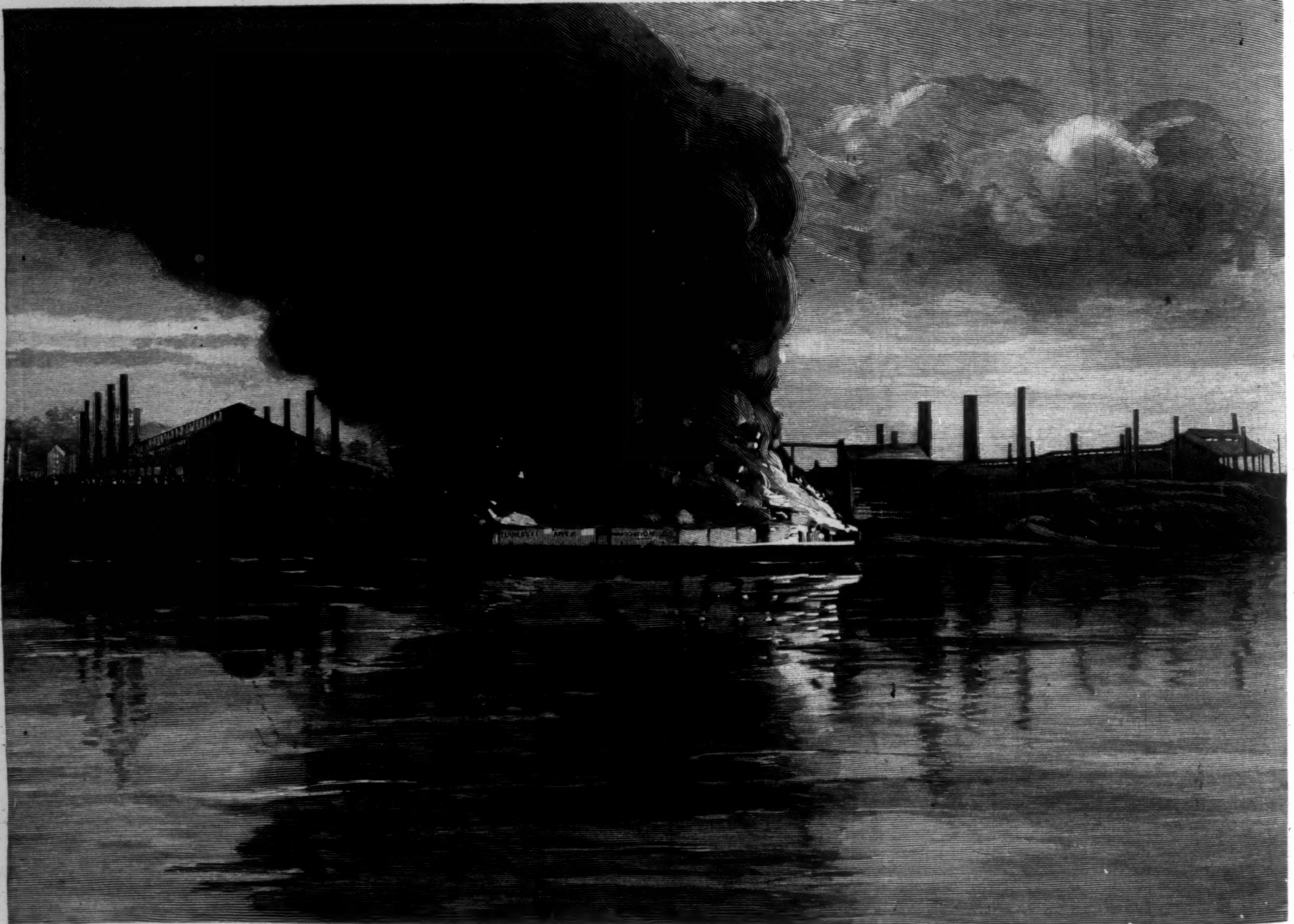
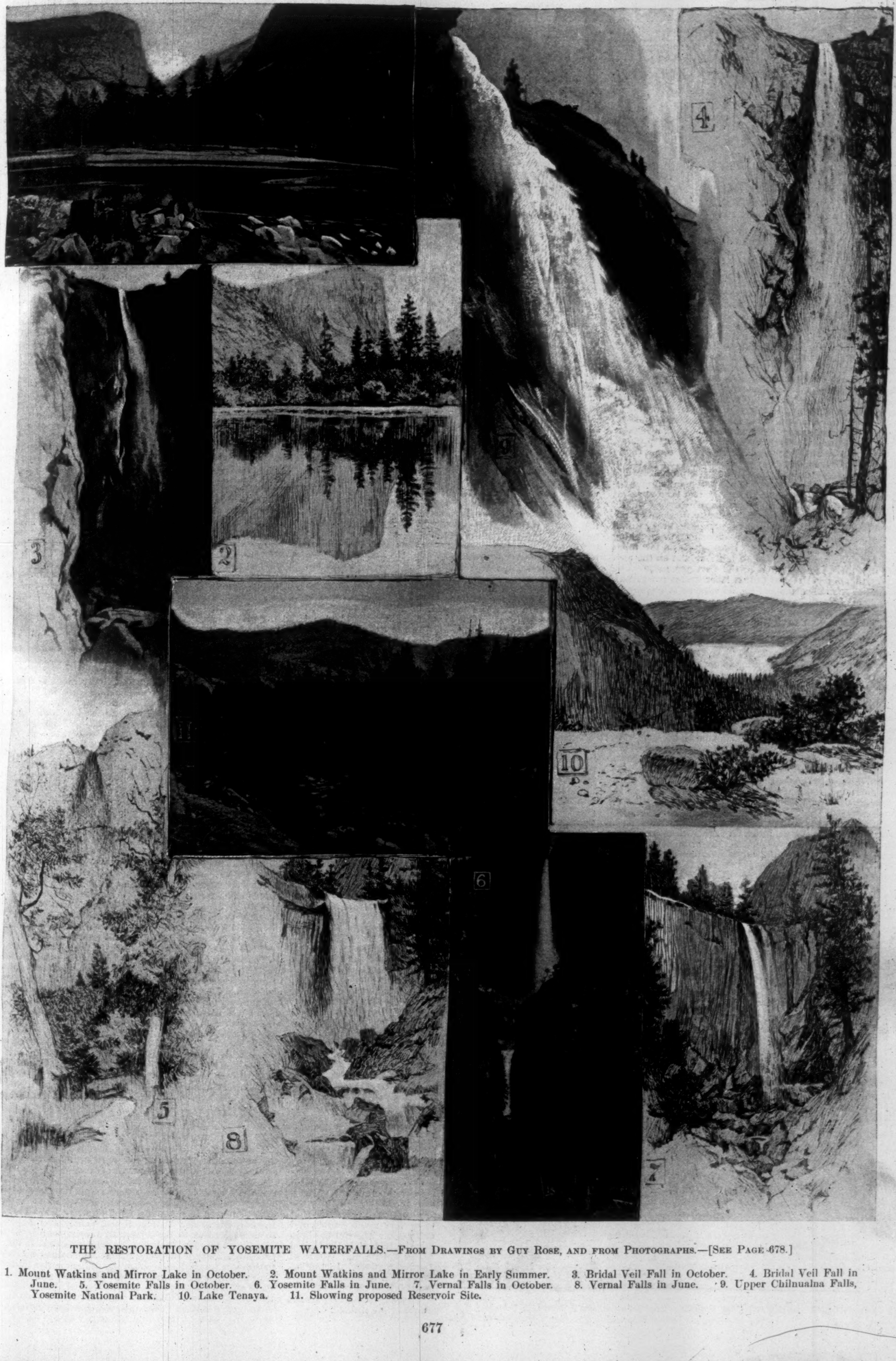


THE MOB ASSAILING THE PINKERTON MEN ON THEIR WAY TO THE TEMPORARY PRISON.—Drawn by Charles Mente after a Photograph by Dabbs, Pittsburg.



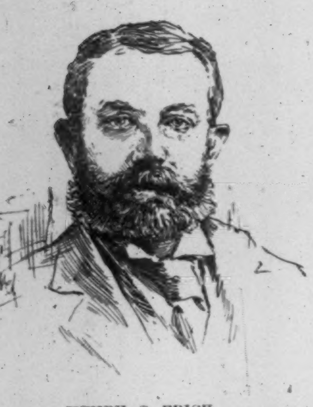
THE BURNING BARGES.—From a Photograph by Dabbs, Pittsburg.

THE HOMESTEAD RIOT.—[See Page 678.]



THE RESTORATION OF YOSEMITE WATERFALLS.—FROM DRAWINGS BY GUY ROSE, AND FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.—[SEE PAGE 678.]

1. Mount Watkins and Mirror Lake in October. 2. Mount Watkins and Mirror Lake in Early Summer. 3. Bridal Veil Fall in October. 4. Bridal Veil Fall in June. 5. Yosemite Falls in October. 6. Yosemite Falls in June. 7. Vernal Falls in October. 8. Vernal Falls in June. 9. Upper Chilnualna Falls, Yosemite National Park. 10. Lake Tenaya. 11. Showing proposed Reservoir Site.



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CHAIRMAN OF THE CARNEGIE STEEL COMPANY.

THE HOMESTEAD RIOTS.

ONE of the most serious and disastrous riots that has ever occurred in America happened on the 6th of July at Homestead, Pennsylvania, where are located the mills of the Carnegie Steel and Iron Company, of which Mr. Andrew Carnegie is the chief owner. This company, through its president, Henry C. Frick, arranged a scale of wages some time ago, and announced that the workmen of the company must agree to this scale by the 24th of June. It was decided by the workmen that the scale, which was a serious reduction of rates, was unfair, and they refused to accede to it. In this determination they were backed up by the powerful labor organization, the Amalgamated Society of Steel and Iron Workers. Anticipating this refusal on the part of the workmen, Mr. Frick and his associates caused the works at Homestead to be enclosed by a high fence, on the top of which were placed several lines of barbed wire, and these lines were connected with the electric-light plant, so that a high current of electricity could be passed through them. Search-lights were also put in position at various places in the works, so that even in the dark the approach of any body of men could be noted. These preparations for defence greatly angered the workmen, who had been shut out of the mills after declining to accept the reduction of wages.

The workmen announced that not only would they not themselves work at the proposed wages, but that they would prevent, by force if necessary, any other men from taking the places they had left vacant. Homestead is a few miles from Pittsburg, on the Monongahela River, and all the men who live there are employed in the Carnegie mills. The feeling, therefore, in regard to this labor question was universal. If the mill managers should succeed in employing other hands than those that refused to work under the new conditions, the population of Homestead would be entirely changed, for those now living there would be obliged to move away. The situation in this regard was somewhat different from that in an ordinary labor trouble, and the feeling was much more intense.

A collision between the working-men who refused to work and any that the mill managers might employ from elsewhere seemed to the people in Pittsburg a foregone conclusion. Since the expiration of the time set by Mr. Frick when the men employed in the mills must sign an agreement to the changed scale, he has persistently refused to discuss the subject farther with the representatives of his former employés or with officers of the Amalgamated Society. Mr. Frick's refusal to discuss the matter at length angered the people of Homestead to such a degree that the whole population became a mob.

On Tuesday, July 5th, the sheriff of Allegheny County went to Homestead and ordered the mob to disperse. He was assured by the leaders of the mob that he had better return to Pittsburg and attend to less serious business. After attaching to the gate of the mill property a proclamation to the people to disperse and maintain order, the sheriff went back to Pittsburg and swore into service a number of special deputies. These he sent to Homestead. Upon their arrival they were met by the mob, and told that if they remained, they would do so at serious peril. The deputies of the sheriff also returned to Pittsburg.

Meantime, Pinkerton's Detective Agency, of Chicago, had employed several hundred men to act as watchmen of the mill. These men, engaged in New York, Philadelphia, and Chicago, were taken quietly to Pittsburg, and not informed of the exact nature of the work expected of them or of the location of the property they were to watch. Having arrived in Pittsburg, these men were taken to boats that had been prepared for them. There were some two hundred and seventy of them.

As soon as they had embarked, the boats were towed away towards Homestead. This was Tuesday night. The people in Homestead had heard of the embarkation of men on boats for that place, and notwithstanding the secrecy of the movement under the direction of the Pinkertons, the men leading the mob knew when the boats might be expected. Every one in Homestead was aroused in the night, and long before daylight there was an armed mob of some five thousand men awaiting the boats' arrival. It was not known in Homestead that these men were merely watchmen, but it was generally believed that they were a contingent of mill-hands who were brought to operate the works. But this misapprehension was of no consequence, as a "Pinkerton," as these men are called, is as unpopular among laboring men of the various organizations as a "scab."

The Homestead men had adopted a system of signals and had scouts stationed in every direction, so that the approach of a vessel, a train, or body of men could be told of there long before its arrival. They also had a little steamboat, the *Edna*, for use in scouting the river. At four o'clock Wednesday morning three horsemen galloped into Homestead, and immediately there was a cry heard throughout the town: "To the river! to the river! The Pinkertons are coming!"

The *Edna* also blew her whistle, signalling a confirmation of the news the horsemen had brought. Now there was a frenzy of excitement in the town, and the men, armed with pistols, muskets, rifles, shot-guns, and clubs, hurried to the river-front. There they saw the *Edna* approaching, followed by a steamer with two low-lying barges in tow. These were the vessels upon which the watchmen had embarked. The crowd, as soon as the vessels were perceived, rushed for the mill landing, which was within the enclosure before alluded to. The fence was torn down, and there was a race between the steamer and the mob as to which should first reach the landing. The mob won this race by nearly a hundred yards, and before the barges were near the landing the river-bank was lined with armed and hostile men.

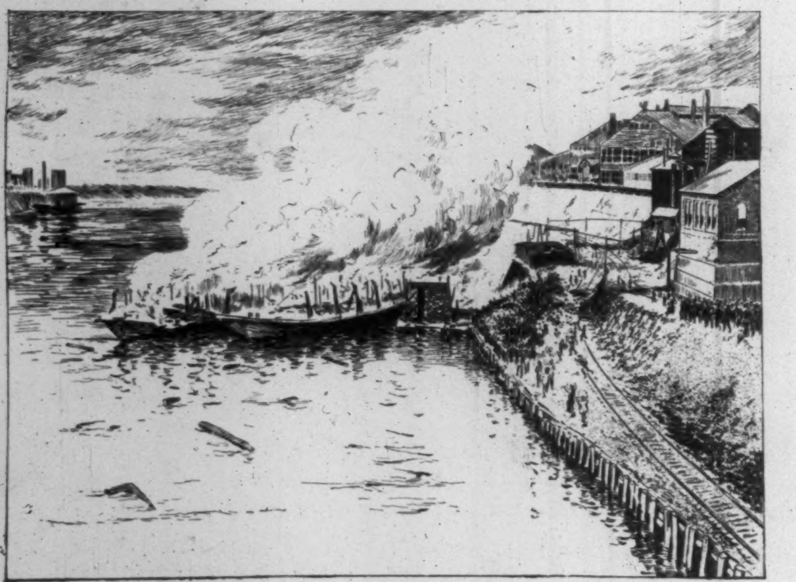
There was a brief parley between the men on the boats and the workmen on the river-bank. While this was in progress some one from the boat fired a Winchester rifle, and then a serious battle begun. The concealed arms of the Homestead people were now exposed, and the firing was spirited on both sides. The boats moved off and attempted to effect a landing at another place, but here again they were frustrated. At the first fire several men in the mob fell, killed and wounded, and there were casualties also on the boats, the leader of the Pinkerton watchmen being the first to be struck. The mob took out a hand-engine, and attaching it to an oil-tank, pumped oil into the river, and tried to set this afire. The oil was lubricating, not illuminating oil, however, and the fire would not kindle. Had this effort succeeded, the two hundred and seventy Pinkerton men would probably have been roasted to death.

There was now a lull in the battle, and the men on the shore held a meeting. O'Donnell, one of the leaders, counselled moderation, and insisted that nothing could be gained by further bloodshed. The pilot of the steamer had been driven by the firing from his post, and so the barges could not be taken away. The crowd decided to hold the boats until the arrival of the sheriff, and then have the Pinkerton men arrested on the charge of murder. While the crowd of mill-hands were still discussing the situation, a white handkerchief was waved from one of the boats. This was a signal of surrender. The Pinkerton men stipulated for conditions, and asked assurances as to their safety in case they gave themselves up. These assurances were given by the leaders, and the boats were brought to the landing.

Then the Pinkerton men disembarked, and were placed under guard, and moved toward the jail. The leaders were in earnest in their promises to protect their prisoners, but they were powerless to do so. The progress toward the jail was like running the gauntlet. Men, boys, and women broke through the guards, and stabbed and clubbed the disarmed prisoners. Stones were thrown at them as they staggered hurriedly along. It was cruel and cowardly business this, and scarcely a single man of all those who surrendered escaped unhurt.

The jail was too small to hold the prisoners, and a neighboring hall was used both as prison and hospital. Later the sheriff took possession of the prisoners, and had them conveyed to Pittsburg. The mob was left in charge of the works. During the day the sheriff telegraphed to the Governor of Pennsylvania, saying that he had not the power to maintain the peace, and asking for military assistance. The Governor replied that he would not call out the militia until all the resources of the local civil authorities had been exhausted. The sheriff called upon all good citizens to help him suppress the disorder, but not more than sixty men responded to the call.

It is not known certainly, when this paper goes to press, what the casualties amount to. But there were six working-men killed and seventeen wounded. Of the Pinkerton men two were killed and more than two hundred wounded. Mr. Frick, in behalf of the Carnegie Company, says that the company is taking no hand in the matter, but will hold the county responsible for any damage to property. The men employed by the Pinkerton agency were employed, however, for the Carnegie Company. Mr. Andrew Carnegie is in Europe, and was at Braemar, in Scotland, the day the fight occurred. He was said to be very much excited and distressed. The riot has been mentioned both in the United States Senate and House of Representatives. In the latter body a resolution was offered instructing a committee to investigate and report the cause of the trouble.



THE SMOKING RUINS OF THE BARGES.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MINEHART, PITTSBURG.

RESTORATION OF YOSEMITE WATERFALLS.

IN establishing the Yosemite National Park, a reservation of 1500 square miles surrounding the Yosemite Valley grant, Congress sought to protect the water-sheds of the Merced and Tuolumne rivers, and preserve such a flow of water throughout the year as would insure an adequate supply for the falls that add so much to the charm and attractiveness of scenery in the valley. Incidentally, the protection of the water-shed is a practical benefit to the State of California, in the preservation of forests and the storage of water for irrigation. For more than a quarter of a century the tract now included within the lines of the Park has been the summer grazing-ground for wandering herds of cattle and flocks of sheep, and for several years past more than 100,000 sheep have been pastured upon this portion of the public domain.

The irresponsible and usually ignorant men who herd the great bands of sheep in the mountains have no concern for anything but feed, and neither know nor care what damage they do to the forests and streams. It is their custom, when they leave the mountains in the fall, to start innumerable fires in the brush, and as everything is dry as tinder after the long hot California summer, these fires not only sweep away the undergrowth and kill the saplings, but scorch and eventually top-kill the larger forest-trees. The tender green shoots and seedlings that come up in the spring are eaten by the sheep, and renewal of forest growth is thereby prevented. It is unnecessary to point out the effect thereof upon the water supply. New York's experience with the Adirondack forests and the water-shed of the Hudson has been a public lesson on that subject.

United States troops were employed last year, and will be this year, in keeping sheep and cattle out of the Park, and the beneficial effects of the protection are already apparent. Last year there were no forest fires in the Park, and in the course of an examination of the great fir timber belt, made under the directions of the State Board of Forestry, I noticed that a thick growth of seedlings had sprung up on mountain slopes usually kept bare and barren by the sheep.

But while the protection now afforded will prevent further injury to the forests, it will require many years to restore them to their original condition; and meanwhile the larger trees will die and fall, the winter snows will be left exposed to the sun, the water will be wasted in spring floods, and the streams will run dry, or nearly so, in August. It is obvious that the natural conservation of water supply must be supplemented by artificial storage, and preliminary steps to that end have been taken in Congress.

Congressman Caminetti, of California, who is actively and intelligently interested in forestry and the preservation of streams, has asked for an appropriation to pay for surveys of reservoir sites in the mountains surrounding the Yosemite Valley, with a view to storing water in the streams that supply the numerous falls.

Under existing conditions, the waterfalls of Yosemite Valley are seen at their best in June, and after that rapidly diminish, and disappear entirely during the season when the valley is otherwise most attractive. The Yosemite Fall, where the water of a large creek takes a plunge of almost half a mile downward from the crest of the valley wall, is one of the most famous features of Yosemite scenery; but at the time of year when tourists from abroad find it most convenient to visit the valley there is no waterfall, only a discolored streak on the dry face of the cliff.

Bridal Veil Fall, a lacelike ribbon nearly 900 feet long, iridescent with rainbow hues its whole length, becomes a mere trickling film over the rocks.

The vast volume of Nevada Fall, that plunges in a broad sheet of foam 600 feet downward into a roaring, seething caldron, and fills all the cañon with spray, dwindles to an insignificant dribble in October; and when its waters come to the precipice that makes Vernal Fall—perhaps the most beautiful of all the Yosemite cataracts—there is scarcely so much of them as would flow from a street hydrant.

The Sentinel Fall (3270 feet), Widow's Tears, and a dozen or twenty other spring falls and cascades, vanish utterly early in the summer, and leave no trace.

Yosemite Fall could be maintained either by damming the creek or by turning a portion of the waters of Tuolumne River into its bed through a flume about 20 miles long. A dam 100 yards in length across the mouth of Little Yosemite Valley would store plenty of water for Nevada and Vernal falls, and a supply for the Bridal Veil could be secured by making a reservoir of the meadows along the creek.

Mirror Lake, a beautiful little sheet of water, a perfect mirror of the mountains, at the mouth of Tenaya Cañon, becomes an unsightly pool of mud when the flow of water ceases in the creek. A dam 1400 feet long at Lake Tenaya, eight miles distant and much higher in the mountains, would not only keep Mirror Lake full, but would store a vast amount of water for the Merced that would be precious as gold to the irrigation districts of the plains.

Chilnualna Falls, near Wawona, in the southern part of the National Park, a series of seven cataracts and cascades, are as beautiful as any of the waterfalls in the valley itself—in many respects even more lovely and interesting—and in any other part of the world would be the Mecca of innumerable summer pilgrims. The blight of deforestation has fallen upon Chilnualna, and can be removed only by the building of storage reservoirs or the turning of other waters into the bed of its parent stream.

It will cost a great deal of money to carry out the contemplated scheme of restoration, but in added beauty and attractiveness of the Yosemite Park, as well as in utilitarian benefit to the people of a great State, the work will be well worth the expense.

ALLEN KELLY,
Head Forester of California.

GOING ABROAD.

THE American's dream of happiness is going abroad; and the better American he is, the more he longs for a trip to the Old World, whose history of century upon century has an all-powerful fascination for us bantlings of the new hemisphere. To-day it is no exaggeration to say that one's education can hardly be called complete without a European excursion as a final touch to the home polish. Paris and London, Berlin and Vienna, Rome, Venice, and Naples, are so many Meccas to the American tourist, who is, with his oftentimes prodigal liberality, a perfect godsend to the shop and hotel keepers all over Europe, accustomed as they are to the more scrupulous accountings of their native customers. And now that there exists a fleet of six-day Atlantic liners, there can be nothing excepting the fear of the *mal de mer* or the lack of the ready coin to pay your way to keep any one from going abroad. But this, too, has been reduced to a minimum. We frequently read of how little a European trip can be managed for—even as low as $300 for three months; but no one has ever survived the experiment long enough to recount his or her pleasures. They may have accomplished the task, but, oh, how silent they are concerning results!

A sailing day at the docks of any of our huge ocean-going boats is an interesting and amusing occasion. The dock itself is nothing more than a long shed stretching out several hundred feet into the river, with two offices, one on either side, and littered all over with casks, bales, and cases of merchandise, either uncalled for from the last steamer in or waiting for the next outgoing vessel. And the baggage! It comes down on the transfer wagons and on the hotel 'buses and carriage foot-boards—mountains of it. Some of it is labelled "Cabin," but most of it "Hold," and you see it run up the baggage gangway and swung out over the open hatchway. There is a rattle and crash at the donkey-engine as these American "boxes" are consigned to the depths below. Next in importance is the hand baggage, and this consists not only of bags, but overcoats, rugs, and wraps of every conceivable description. The inexperienced traveller has been told that they weigh all the trunks in Europe, and charge accordingly, so he loads himself down with bundles and boxes galore, forgetting that the first principle of a successful going abroad is to travel in "light marching order."

It is surprising, too, how much enthusiasm can be kindled in the breasts of your friends when you are going abroad. In fact, you never can tell the measure of your own popularity until an occasion of this kind, when they combine to give you a "send-off," often going so far as to hire a tug and an "Eyetalian" band of music to accompany the party going abroad as far down the bay as the chartered steamer can keep pace with the Cunard, White Star, Guion, or Inman liner, or, what is more to the point, when the "send-off" party reach a few of the white-caps and the inrolling swell from the lower bay. Some friends have come all smiles and cheers, others lachrymose and full of sighs. And there by the rail is a party of five silent and constrained amid so much light-heartedness and hilarity. It is mother and father and two sisters; the brother is leaning against a pile of steamer chairs, and the wandering eager look, that brilliant sunken eye, and hectic flush on the pale wan cheek tell why he, when too late, is going abroad.

And how many times some people will kiss each other! And how many last messages, and frequently, too, commissions which mean an infraction of Uncle Sam's custom laws at the end of the return trip, are exchanged at the last moment!

In the midst of all this turmoil and crowding and pushing to and fro, the old-timers, with their record of many voyages, look on in amused disgust, and wonder why some people can make such a fuss about such a little thing as going abroad.

A fortune, too, is spent on flowers. Huge baskets, set pieces, wreaths, bouquets, and cut flowers *ad infinitum* cover the tables of "Social Hall," and make the already close atmosphere heavier and more unbearable yet by their sweet perfumes. To me this floral extravagance means a ridiculous waste of money. In a day they have wilted and drooped, and are thrown overboard.

Here comes an excited group up the companionway. You hear a confused jumble between man and woman about keys left on her bureau, and you are conscious she has left the keys of her steamer trunk behind. The man fairly shoots down the gangway, leaps into the nearest cab, and begins a wild drive for those keys. Meanwhile the woman haunts the entrance to the gangway, and five minutes after the man is gone she finds the missing key securely stowed away in her pocket-book. Her troubles of going abroad are beginning early.

Now that ponderous whistle deafens the ears of all on board. There are final tears and smiles and embracings, a rush down the gangway by the well-dressed mob, and then some climb on the near-by cases or gather on the outer end of the dock to catch the last glimpse of the ship. Handkerchiefs are tied to canes and parasols; there is much cheering and last farewells. One young man calls out in a stentorian voice, "Give my love to Mary!" whereat there are cheers and laughter. And now at the far end of the dock there is a rattle and rumble, and two cabs come tearing along—one contains a belated passenger, who has just time to scramble on board; the other, the man who went after the key. And as the lady holds up the missing article, a conciliatory smile upon her face, that man sinks back upon a bale of goods, looking unutterable things. The key to the situation is plain to everybody. Now the "planks" are down, and slowly and silently the huge black ship, that seems so high out of the water that she looks like a great warehouse afloat, backs out of her dock, and is soon in mid-stream. Slowly yet she swings around, and finally squares away, her nose pointing for the Narrows. A moment she seems to hang, and to be taken aback by the tide, then forges ahead. The flag is dipped, then hauled down from the flag-pole on the dock, and those on board are at last going abroad.

Harry P. Mawson.

BROOKLYN'S NEW ARMORIES.

Since early in the present century when Brooklyn was but a small village of little consequence, her sons have been imbued with the martial spirit. As Brooklyn grew in size, population, and importance, the martial spirit also progressed, until at the present day there has developed from the "awkward squad" of country lads with a wisp of straw and hay twisted about either ankle, drilling upon the village green to the command of "Hay-foot! Straw-foot!" a group of the best-drilled and most finely uniformed, equipped, and disciplined military organizations on this continent. Not only will they pass muster with honor to themselves alongside of anything American, but they will compare favorably with anything European in the military line.

Brooklyn has always taken good care of her military organizations. They were her pride and boast half a century ago, and they are to-day. If she had reason to look with pleasure upon her marching platoons in the days when General John B. Woodward's tall bear-skin cap and monstrous pompon, which he wore when sergeant-major, towered above the ranks, and gave warning of their approach, she has more reason now to regard with thoughts of martial exhilaration the serried, tramping columns, who look upon General Woodward as the grandfather of the organizations of to-day.

The Brooklyn soldiers have always been well housed. It was a long leap from the old City Armory in Henry Street, where no less than five and six different organizations were housed, to the present quarters of the Thirteenth, Fourteenth, and Twenty-third regiments, and it will be as long a leap ahead when they leave their present homes to occupy those now in course of erection for them. The new armories for the above organizations will be equalled by few, and surpassed by none in the United States. That great problem which has been the drawback to the erection of New York city armories has not been a factor in Brooklyn, as, first of all, the organizations have been given all the ground they desired whereon to build.

The Thirteenth Regiment, aptly called "the Mother of Regiments," as from her ranks all other Brooklyn military bodies have grown, now occupy quarters on Flatbush Avenue at the corner of Hanson Place. Their new home, which is herewith represented, is now in course of erection on Sumner Avenue, where it occupies the entire block between Jefferson and Putnam avenues. The structure, now up to the second story, has its main front and administration building on Sumner Avenue, being 200 feet in width, with a depth of 480 feet on the other avenues, 300 feet of which will be used as the grand drill hall, which will be 300 by 200 feet in size, less the thickness of the walls. The administration building will occupy the remaining 180 feet, and contain company rooms, officers' quarters, small drill-rooms, quarters for the band, drum corps, and veterans, a magnificent suite of parlors, grand gymnasium, library, and other conveniences and accommodations not deemed necessary in armories erected 25 years ago. The basement will contain all the machinery necessary for steam-heating the building and lighting it by electricity, bowling-alleys, a magnificent rifle range the full length of the building, and tub and plunge baths commodious enough to accommodate a whole company at once. In fact, the entire building will be one grand lyceum, where, aside from their duties as soldiers, the members may spend a day or evening at almost any kind of healthful and pleasant recreation. Colonel David E. Austen, the commander of the regiment, so called, and admitted by all to be a superior officer and one of the ablest tacticians this country ever produced, has brought his command up to great efficiency in difficult drills and field movements. He believes "that all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," therefore he fosters athletic exercises, both gymnastic and field, among the members of his command. In consequence of this, they occupy the long winter evenings with calisthenics, gymnastics, and in-door baseball. When once in their new home, these sports will take new impetus, and the members, now almost unconquerable, will render themselves more so.

The new armory will undoubtedly be finished ready for occupation by the coming autumn. The material used in its construction is granite for the substructure, with the building in brick with stone trimmings. It was designed by Rudolph L. Daus, a Brooklyn architect, and was originally not to cost more than $300,000 exclusive of ground, but necessary changes will probably bring the cost up to over $400,000. It is being paid for by the county of Kings.

The Twenty-third Regiment of National Guard, State of New York, also have their new armory—situated on Bedford Avenue, and taking up the entire block between Atlantic Avenue and Pacific Street—well under way. Like the armory building for the Thirteenth Regiment, it is a castellated structure in the mediæval style of Norman architecture. Many competent critics prefer it to the former, and say that, while not being so fortresslike, it will be more beautiful and fully as military-looking in appearance. As to its utility and impregnability there can be no doubt.

The new building, which covers a plot of 500 feet on Pacific Street and about 460 on Atlantic Avenue, is now up above the first story. The main front is on a diagonal line, on Bedford Avenue, measuring 230 feet. The mean width of the building is over 200 feet, leaving the interior 200 feet wide in the clear. The rear of the building will contain a grand drill hall, 200 by 300 feet, without obstructions, while the Bedford Avenue front will be reserved for the administration building, which will be three stories in height, flanked on the Bedford Avenue and Pacific Street corner with a handsome battlemented and turreted tower 136 feet in height. The interior of the armory will be of the same general character as that of the Thirteenth Regiment, containing all the latest improvements and modern conveniences. As to the location of the armory, Colonel John N. Partridge commander of "Ours," as the Twenty-third Regiment is frequently called, was peculiarly fortunate in securing the site where he did, as it is regarded as the best in Brooklyn. The material employed in construction is heavy blocks of red-brown freestone, laid in ashlar courses for the first story, with pressed brick and terra-cotta ornamentation to match for the rest of the building. A notable feature will be the large pointed arch over the main entrance, in the key-stone of which will be carved the regimental coat of arms and the motto, "*Vigilantia*," of "Ours."

The Twenty-third Regiment is composed of the very best element among the young men of Brooklyn, and, fortunately, has never been rent by those internal dissensions which have raged in neighboring organizations. It is unsurpassed, among other things, in fine exhibition drills and street-parade marches and long-range marksmanship. The members also have a penchant for the terpsichorean art, in which they are as adept as the members of the Thirteenth are in athletics. The new armory was designed by architects Fowler & Hough, of New York, both members of the regiment, and will cost somewhere between $300,000 and $350,000, which will be paid by the State of New York—$300,000 having been appropriated by the Legislature in 1889. It is expected that the armory will be ready for occupation by next Thanksgiving.

The Fourteenth Regiment of National Guard as at present composed is the successor to that organization known during the early days of the rebellion as the "Fighting Fourteenth." At the bloody battle of Groveton, where they bore the brunt of the Confederate attack upon the Union lines, they gained a new name, being dubbed by the Confederates, "The Red-Legged Devils," on account of their desperate fighting qualities, and the fact that they wore red trousers. Many of the present members of the organization participated in that desperate engagement, and many more of the members are the sons and grandsons of men who fought in the ranks of the old Fighting Fourteenth.

The Fourteenth Regiment are at present housed in the old State Arsenal on North Portland Avenue, Brooklyn, but they too will soon move to a new home. Already the walls of their handsome new armory, designed by Architect William Mundell, are rising into tangible shape on Eighth Avenue between Fourteenth and Fifteenth streets, with the front toward Prospect Park. This site was chosen by Colonel Harry Michell, as he believed that the location would bring to his command a very desirable class of recruits. The plot of ground owned by the regiment is 200 by 547 feet in size, but only 365 feet of the depth will be used at present, 200 feet square of which will be used as the main drill hall, and 165 feet with 200 feet front for the administration building. The interior arrangements are practically the same as those of the other new armories. The building will cost about $340,000 exclusive of the land, and will be constructed of red pressed brick, Warsaw bluestone, and terra-cotta. It will not be ready for occupancy before next summer. With its completion, Brooklyn will contain three of the handsomest armories of the National Guard in the United States, with drill halls of such magnificent proportions that an entire regiment can be formed in line in them without a break in the ranks.

Henry Balch Ingram.

THE COUNTRY IN JULY.

Where glistening in the softness of the night
The vagrant will-o'-wisps do greet the sight;
Where fragrance baffling permeates the breeze
That gently flouts the grasses and the trees;
Where every flying thing doth seem to be
Instinct with sweetly sensuous melody;
Where hills and dales assume their warmest phase,
With here and there a scarf of opal haze
To soften their luxuriant attire;
Where one can almost hear the elfin choir
Across the meadow-land, down in the wood,
In songs of gladness—there are all things good.
Ah! ye who seek the spot where joys abide,
Awake! Awake! Seek out the country-side,
And through the blue-gray July haze see life
All free from care, from sorrow, and from strife.

John Kendrick Bangs.

PERSONAL.

Joseph Jefferson, the distinguished comedian, and Laurence Hutton, one of the best-known of New York's men of letters, were among those whom Yale University honored with the degree of M.A. at its Commencement on the 29th of June.

—The sale by M. Alexandre Dumas of the rare art treasures in his Paris house was not due to the dictation of economy, for he is, in all probability, the richest of French authors. The income he receives from his successful plays is large, and this is increased by the royalties from his father's novels, and by the handsome marriage portion brought him by his wife, a Russian lady of rank and fortune. M. Dumas is missed nowadays from the Paris boulevards, where his eccentric figure was once well known. He has retired to his country-seat at Marly, and expects to pass the remaining years of his life there. These years will probably not be many, for though still designated as Dumas *fils*, the author of the *Lady of the Camellias* is seventy. He has almost entirely abandoned literary work.

—The Queen's annual outings cost the British tax-payer a pretty penny. Her Majesty's trip to Grasse last year caused an outlay of fully $50,000—exactly one year's salary of the President of the United States—and it was estimated that the Continental tour this year would involve no greater expenditure, but the visit to Darmstadt and other détours from the original journey raised the entire cost of the trip to $75,000. In 1888, when the Queen visited Florence and Berlin, the expense was even heavier.

—The late Charles Stewart Parnell left two brothers, John Howard Parnell, a man of nearly fifty, who lives in Georgia, and Henry Tudor Parnell, a barrister-at-law, who is a few years younger, and who lives on an estate in Ireland. Each of these brothers is college-bred, and each, like the late Mr. Parnell, is a man of fine physique. Americans are more familiarly acquainted with the elder brother, whose Georgia peach farm is occasionally "written up" in the press. He bears a marked facial resemblance to the deceased home-ruler, and is a strong adherent of his cause, but an unconquerable diffidence prevents him from advocating it with success on the platform.

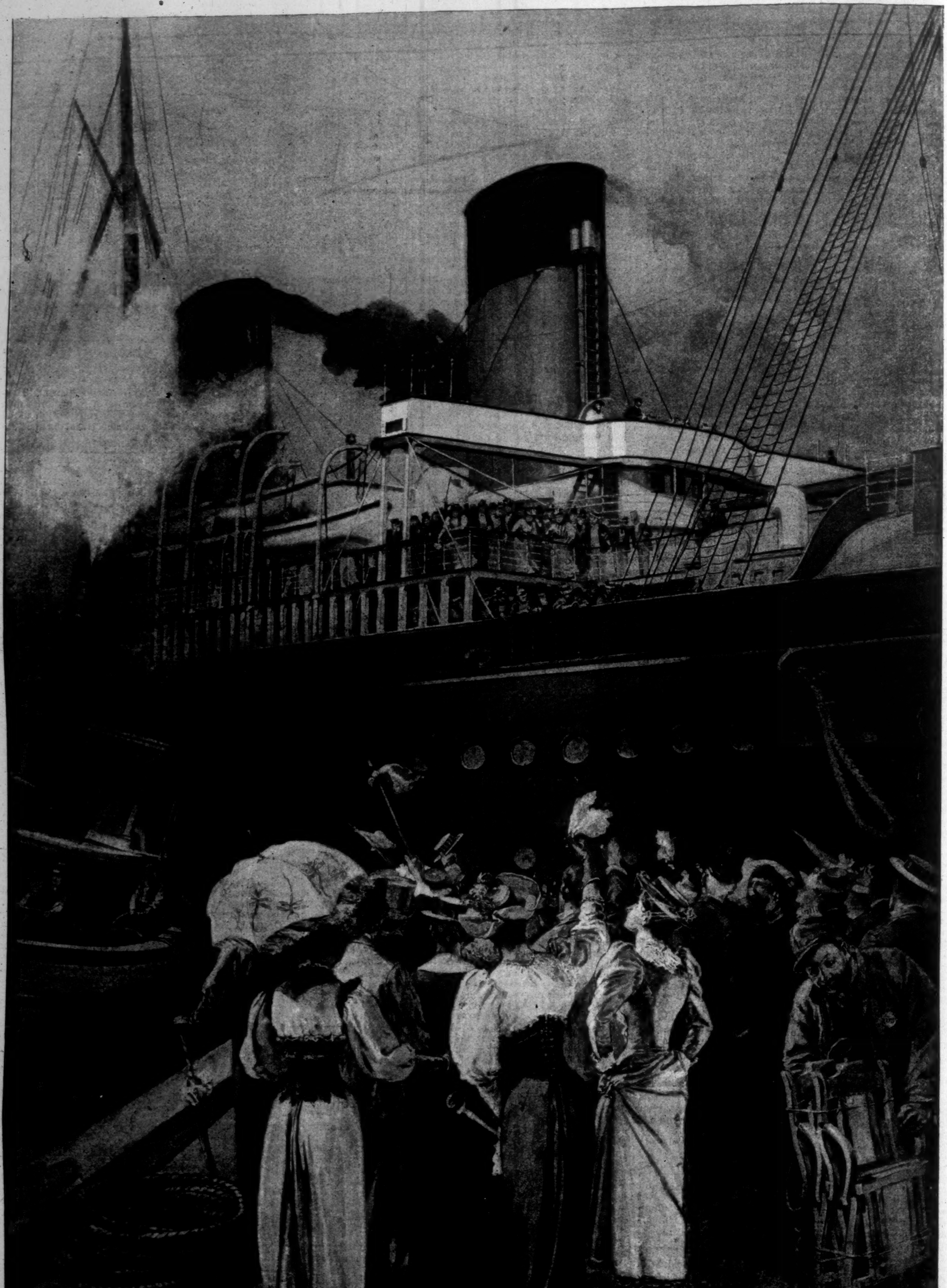
—James R. Cooke, who was recently graduated from the Medical School of Boston University, has been totally blind from infancy, and is probably the only person deprived of eyesight on whom the degree of M.D. was ever conferred. He is thirty years old, and led his class, passing his examinations with remarkable credit. Dr. Cooke expects to spend next year in hospital practice, and will then devote himself to diseases of the lungs and heart.

—One of General Booth's Salvation Army soldiers at the New York barracks of the army is Wilhelm von Puttkamer, an officer of noble birth and of distinguished record. He is a son of Robert von Puttkamer, once German Minister of Justice, and a nephew of Prince Bismarck. The young officer saw service in the Franco-Prussian, Chilian, and Russo-Turkish wars, and carries a bullet in his lung. He was recruited into the Salvation ranks at San Francisco a few years ago.

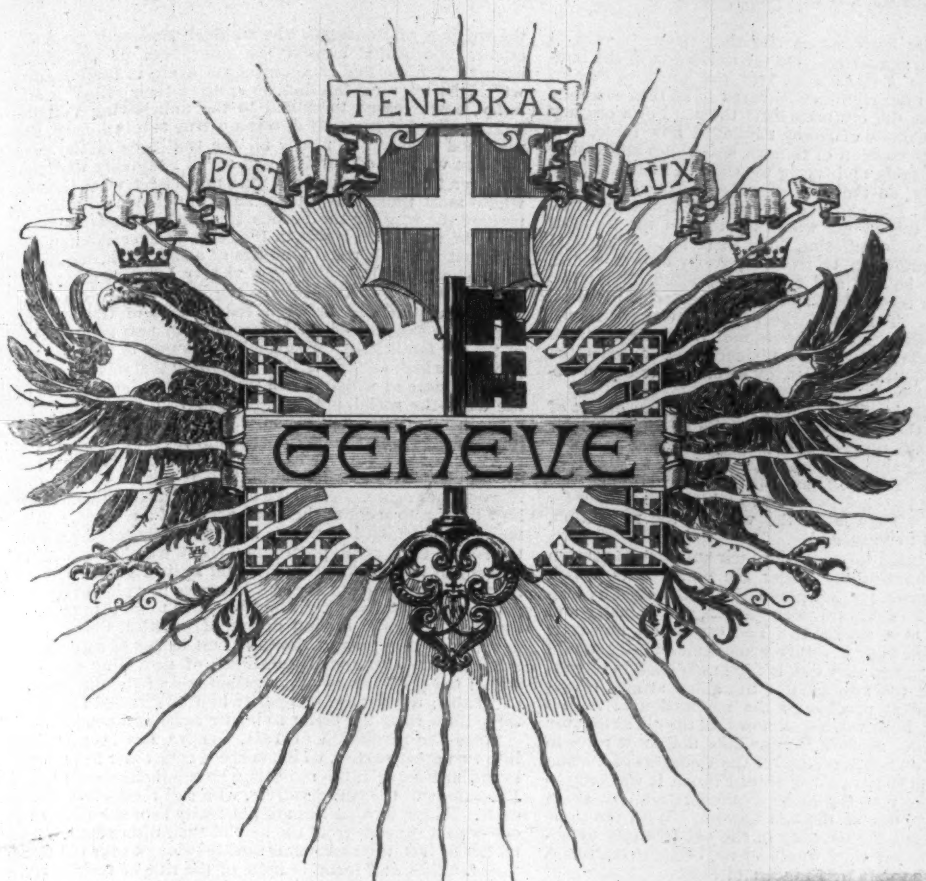
—General Russell A. Alger recently gave an exhibition of personal courage by vaulting over the railing of the porch in front of his residence in Detroit to the ground below, and apprehending an intruder who was maliciously despoiling his flower bed. General Alger was suffering from a lame knee, by which he was confined to the house at the time, but he forgot the pain in the excitement of the moment, and caught the man after a vigorous chase.

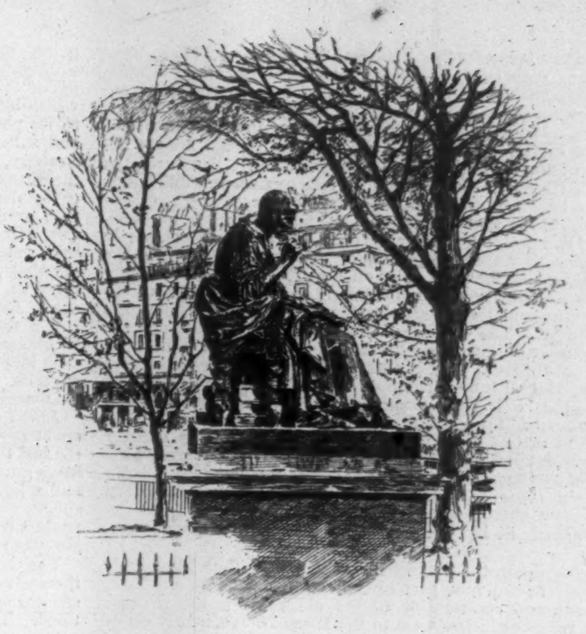
—An Indiana captain who had many opportunities of seeing General Grant during the Vicksburg campaign says that the only thing about which the great commander was ostentatious was his horsemanship. He usually wore a slouch-hat, a plain blouse, and high boots, and many a first lieutenant dressed better, but his horse was always well cared for. When General Grant rode down a line on review, he rode "like a man shot out of a gun," and the only halts he made were to shake hands with personal friends, of whom he had many in the army.

—Mr. Cleveland's life at Gray Gables does not involve a great deal of hard work. After breakfast, which is over usually by half past nine, the ex-President devotes a short time to his correspondence, and then prepares for the real business of the morning—fishing in Buzzard's Bay. His cat-boat is anchored at the pier, less than a stone's-throw from the house; and as soon as Mr. Cleveland has donned his weather-stained yellow fishing clothes and stepped aboard, the start is made. An old skipper sails the boat, while the ex-President gives his entire attention to hooks and lines. These fishing trips last usually till one o'clock, when lunch is served at Gray Gables, and the time intervening before dinner Mr. Cleveland devotes to a cigar, a brief nap, a drive about the village, or another outing on the water. After dinner there is an hour's chat with Mrs. Cleveland or an occasional visitor, and by the time ten o'clock has struck, the ex-President is ready for bed.



STEAMER DAY IN NEW YORK—AN OCEAN RACER OFF FOR EUROPE.—DRAWN BY W. P. SNYDER.—[SEE PAGE 678.]



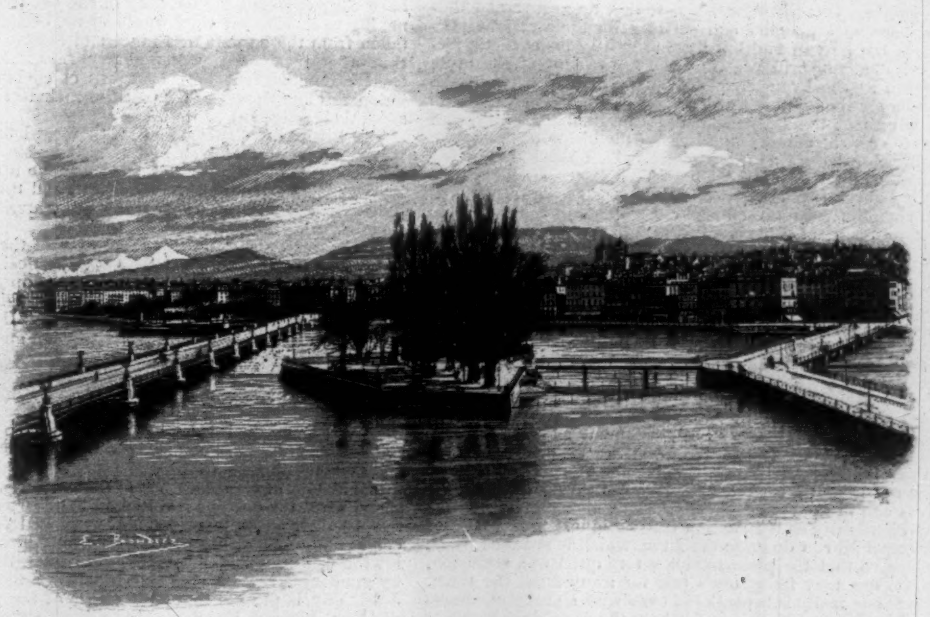


THE STATUE OF JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU.

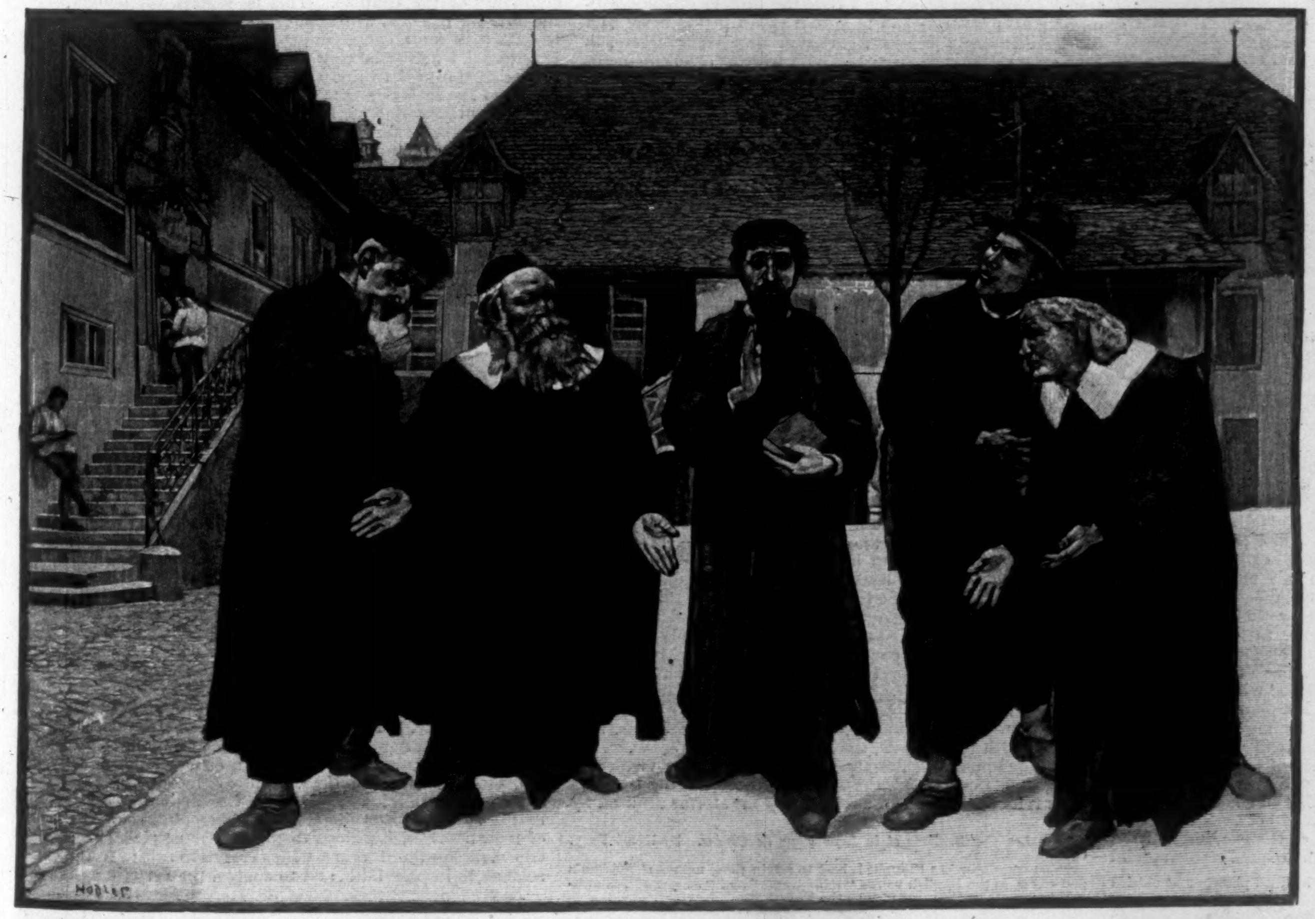
EVERY one knows that the official capital of Switzerland is Bern; but the federal city, in spite of its arcaded streets, its ancient fountains, and its Bears' Den on the banks of the Aar, where bears still live as in olden days, supported by the municipality, has a history nothing like as important as that of Geneva, the name of which calls up a past of conflict and glory, and which since the Reformation has been one of the intellectual centres of the civilized world. True, the ancient republic of Bern can also boast of her hours of heroism and days of grandeur, and her history, though of comparatively local interest, is rich in examples of courage, energy, and love of independence. But for all that, we cannot say of her, as it has been said of Geneva, that she is the "grain of musk which perfumes Europe," still less that she is the "world in a nutshell."

The first stroll taken by a stranger on arrival in Geneva will reveal to him the existence of two towns united in one or entangled together. On leaving the station he will pass on the right the quite modern church which the patient efforts of Catholicism have succeeded in erecting in "Protestant Rome," and in which the zeal of the *Kulturkampf* has installed Père Hyacinthe, and follow the broad thoroughfare known as the Rue du Mont Blanc, which is lined with shops and presents a most animated scene. After crossing the Rhone, which issues from the lake as a wide, limpid, and transparent stream, the visitor, if the weather be favorable, will admire the magnificent panorama of the Alps spread out before him. Opposite to him, amongst the mountains of the middle distance, rise the white mass of Mont Blanc, the snow-clad Buet, the gleaming ridges of the Aiguille Verte, forming together an accumulation of vaporous snow which sometimes seems to be floating in the sky. Fogs often completely envelop this chain of mountains, and their disappearance entirely changes the character of the landscape; it is then the lesser heights of the foreground which arrest attention, not swallowed up in the dazzling whiteness of perpetual snow, but standing out as rocky heights, like the Vergys or the Brezon, or as grass-clad slopes like the less savage-looking pyramid of the Mole, or even bright with verdure like the sides of the Voirons. The nearest of these mountains, the Salève, overlooking the town, has a very marked individuality of its own—a nameless sadness and severity, a strange aggressive sullenness, with its arid slopes, on which stunted bushes cling to the bare rocks, and its few trees on the upper ridges a little below the domelike summit, which is sparsely clad with grass. But the visitor crosses the bridge amongst flights of gulls, as tame here in the winter as are the sparrows of the Luxembourg, and finds himself on the left bank of the Rhone, where the two towns meet—the old and the new.

The old town, built on a hill, is cramped and gloomy. In the lower part, congregating especially about the little Gothic church of La Madeleine, are numerous narrow, damp, unhealthy streets. The houses, some of which date from the fifteenth or even the fourteenth century, are tumbling to pieces. The better ones have central courts, on to which open rooms without air or light, the low



THE ISLAND OF JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU.



CALVIN AND THE FOUR SYNDICS IN THE COURT-YARD OF THE COLLEGE OF GENEVA.—AFTER THE PICTURE BY HODLER.

NOTE.—"Paris," the first paper of the series entitled "Capitals of the World," was published in No. 1837 of HARPER'S WEEKLY; the second paper, "St. Petersburg," in No. 1841; the third paper, "Constantinople," in No. 1846; the fourth paper, "Rome," in No. 1850.

windows being further darkened by galleries. These large houses, with one gloomy story above another, and tumble-down hovels in which the damp oozes from the walls, are densely populated, and resemble the poor quarters of large cities. In the upper part of the town, with the Cathedral of Saint Pierre, the Hôtel de Ville, and the Arsenal, are the hôtels of the oldest families of Geneva (the De Saussures, the De la Rives, the Neckers, etc.). This quarter was and still is the aristocratic quarter—the quarter of the "upper ten thousand," as the Radicals call them—and these upper ten thousand still prefer it to the elegance of the new quarters, partly because they are used to it and partly out of respect for the traditions of the past. For all that, the streets are monotonous and nearly as narrow, nearly as dark, as those of the low town, and there is absolutely nothing beautiful about the buildings. The Cathedral of Saint Pierre, for instance, the original building of which dates from the tenth century, has been at different periods added to, cut about, decorated, and restored until it has a composite character of a most unpleasing kind; it is gray, gloomy, forbidding, and the crowded details spoil the general effect. The Hôtel de Ville, more curious and of more personal interest, if I may so express myself, is specially remarkable for the inclined plane which serves as a staircase and leads to the council chambers.[*] To sum up, the only advantage of the upper town is the very fine view obtained from some of its hôtels and from the Promenade de la Treille, of the lake and of the Jura Mountains.

Going down the Promenade de la Treille, the visitor finds himself in the new part of Geneva, which is as spacious, elegant, and comfortable as the old town is the reverse. The promenade leads on to the Place Neuve, nearly all of the buildings on which are of quite recent construction. If he has a taste for ornate and insignificant modern architecture, he will not fail to admire the theatre built on the model of the Opera-house of Paris. He will go into the Musée Rath, where a few good pictures may interest him, and in obedience to his Baedekar, he will look at the equestrian statue of General Dufour, the Conservatoire de Musique, from which issues a confused sound of several pianos, violins, and other instruments, and the so-called Bâtiment Electoral, surnamed the Boite aux Gifles, in memory of scenes of which this sobriquet sufficiently indicates the character. Our traveller will note that these several buildings are well planned and suitable for their various purposes, but he will find but little to gratify his æsthetic faculty. Then he will pass into the fine avenue of chestnuts known as the Promenade des Bastions, pass between the borders of the Botanic Garden and the massive and spacious buildings of the University and the Public Library, and catching sight amongst the trees of the gleam of bronze, he will pause before a group which will, I think, altogether stupefy him with amazement. This group is called "Le Temps découvrant la Vérité" (Time discovering Truth). It is symbolic, and represents an old man about to remove the last pieces of clothing veiling a young woman, who holds up a torch to throw light upon the operation, which does not appear to surprise her in the least. The visitor will very quickly turn away from this symbolic group, and walking straight on, he will pass between several elegant villas till he comes to the Champel quarter, which is the most pleasing, the brightest, freshest, most smiling part of New Geneva.

Strictly speaking, Champel is not a quarter, but a kind of little suburb backed on to the metropolis, which it gayly gazes down on from its hill. It is a miniature watering-place, with its hydropathic establishment on the banks of the Arve, its green thickets of Beau Séjour, its pretty little houses surrounded by gardens, its fine open country, and last, not least, its tower—its surprising tower—built a few years ago in the style *bords du Rhin*, which tourists visit as conscientiously as if it were a true antique. The streets of Champel all run down to the Arve, which is spanned by no bridge, so that the place retains a rare quiet and seclusion, where one may fancy one's self far away from the town, where one really is beneath old trees with a peaceful, almost level landscape before one, for here the Jura sinks down to join the last slopes of the Salève chain.

In taking the walk we have just described, the traveller has passed by many of the "curiosities" mentioned in guide-books—the monument to the Duke of Brunswick, immortalized by the republicans on account of his munificence towards them; the English garden, where one never fails to admire the view of Mont Blanc, with several others—but he will have got an impression of Geneva which, I think, will be a very true one, and I feel that if he were asked to define the town he has just passed through, he would reply in something like these words:

"Geneva is a very ancient town which has been much modernized and brightened up, but which for all that has retained its old foundations."

He will have made a very true answer, and at the same time he will have defined alike the external appearance of the town, and what, for want of a better term, I will call its moral character.

In the time of Cæsar, Geneva, which he refers to in the first book of his Gallic war, was "a small market-town situated on the borders of the territories of the Allobroges, and the nearest to those of the "Helvetii." As is justly observed by Eugène Ritter, one of those who best know and understand their native land at the present day, the whole problem of the history of the town is aptly summed up in the few words, "Shall Geneva remain Allobrogean; that is to say, Savoyard, or shall she join the Helvetii?" This was the one question for her in the first century of our era, and it is not yet a hundred years since it was definitively settled. If Geneva had been ruled on geographical considerations, or if the attempts directed against her by the Counts of Savoy had succeeded, she would now be a town like Chambéry or Lyons, more or less important, more or less decayed, the chief town of a more or less extensive district. But Geneva was not sufficiently Allobrogean to become Savoyard, and for many centuries she was not sufficiently Helvetian to be willing to become Swiss. She clung to her individual existence as long as ever she could. She remained a free city, jealous of her independence, and maintaining that independence with rare energy.

In the eleventh century, when the kingdom of Burgundy fell to pieces, Geneva had the good fortune to be elevated into an autonomous ecclesiastical principality; governed by a bishop, who held the rank of a prince of the Holy Empire, she herself became an imperial city; and from that moment the little state of but one league in diameter had to contend with the menacing ambition of her neighbors.

Her first enemies were the Counts of Geneva, lords of the territory on the south of the town, who owned a patrimonial palace in the city itself, which city they strove in vain to subjugate to their authority. On the extinction of the family of the Counts of Geneva in 1401, the house of Savoy, which inherited their rights, endeavored in its turn to annex to its possessions the obstinate little town. For a century and a half the Counts of Savoy employed now force, now strategy, to get possession of Geneva, sometimes addressing the citizens as friends, and trying to establish their suzerainty by demanding, on the plea of urgent necessity, aid in men or money. The aid was given, but always as a free gift. Or again, the counts would try to ruin the trade of their neighbors, who, suffering from these intrigues, would say that they "preferred to live in poverty crowned with freedom than to be rich and fall into servitude." At last actual force was resorted to, and skirmishes took place all round the town. Thus were the people of Geneva forced to choose between their neighbors, and they elected those who inspired them with most confidence, the confederated cantons, with whom they ended by signing a treaty of co-citizenship.

Allied to the Swiss, Geneva was still no less an object of covetousness to the Dukes of Savoy, who in 1602 tried for the last time to take possession of it by a bold *coup de main*, known under the name of the *Escalade*. After this Geneva had a long period of rest from attacks from without; but she was torn by internal factions, to which we shall refer again presently. Then, after the wars of the revolution, she was annexed to France.

The Genevese cared too much for their autonomy to resign themselves to annexation. Under the new *régime*, which she did not acknowledge, her population diminished by one-third. Those who could do so emigrated, and industry and commerce were at a standstill. The emigrants, however, took with them the hope of return when their country should regain her liberty; and they did, in fact, rush back in crowds when, in 1813, at the approach of the allied armies, a provisional government proclaimed the restoration of the republic. No one, however, hoped now that the old autonomy could be got back. Modern Europe does not allow races to dispose of their own future; and if the Congress of Vienna consented to take Geneva away from France, it was only to annex her definitely to the Swiss Confederation, not as an independent ally, but as the 22d Canton. With the same blow they enlarged the territory of the old free city by annexing to it, whether they would or no, certain communes taken from the borders of France and Savoy. Apropos of this, a clear-sighted contemporary said, "Messieurs de Genève desenclavent leur territoire et enclavent leur religion." (The Genevese enfranchise their territory and enslave their religion.)

The history of Geneva, then, with regard to the outside world, is one of suspicion and struggle. No less tempest-tossed is that of its inner life, for when the little town was by chance at peace with the Savoyards and the French, her inhabitants seized the opportunity of quarrelling amongst themselves.

We have seen that on the dissolution of the Burgundian monarchy, Geneva was created an ecclesiastical principality. At that time the authority of a prince-bishop was absolute. Two years later, about 1290, the citizens rose in revolt, and obtained certain privileges, amongst others the creation of four syndics, who held office for one year, and were nominated by the people themselves sitting in general council.

There was, then, amongst these people, who were so attached to their autonomy, a universal love of liberty, a something resembling a democratic leaven which was to increase in strength in the succeeding centuries. To combine the solidity essential to her autonomy with her growing liberal and democratic aspirations was the chief problem of the internal history of Geneva. This problem was already taking shape when the citizens revolted, in the fourteenth century, against their absolute rulers, and wrenched from them the concession of the four syndics. A prince-bishop of the following century—Adhemar Fabri by name—tried to solve it by granting a regular charter,[*] in which a recent historian, Jules Vuy, is pleased to see the origin of the political ideas of Jean Jacques Rousseau. The long struggles through which Geneva had to pass to win her independence, the rigid discipline of Calvin, with the absolutist spirit of the seventeenth century, arrested for a time the growth of the democratic germ; but it began to sprout again in the early part of the eighteenth century. At that time Geneva was, in fact, an oligarchic republic. There were as many as eight members of one family in the councils, and the office of magistrate was so fully believed to be hereditary that of two brothers the elder would be chosen as a matter of course, quite irrespective of fitness. The demands of citizens excluded from the administration of affairs, long repressed and unheard, found voice at last. Troublous times ensued; blood was freely shed for thirty years; disorder prevailed, one quarrel succeeding another. The situation became so strained between the rival factions, who were both equally tenacious of their rights, that the neighboring states became alarmed. The King of France and the allied republics of Bern and Zürich sent mediators, who succeeded in reconciling the parties. But, as a matter of fact, the Act of Mediation of 1738 sacrificed the aristocratic to the democratic element, and half a century before the French Revolution consecrated the principle of the sovereignty of the people.

Thanks to this Act of Mediation, Geneva at last realized some of her ancient aspirations, and affirmed her tendency to become a democratic state. The act of 1738, however, did not suppress either the distinctions of rank or the preponderating influence that a certain number of old families continued to exercise in the councils. Public peace was, it is true, restored, but the problem of the antagonism between the aristocratic and popular parties still remained unsolved. Political equality was no longer discussed, but social equality was already beginning to be talked of. The citizens were still divided into three classes, which were unequally treated, and were all alike hostile to each other. These three classes were known as the *bourgeois*, the *habitants*, and the *sujets*. The bourgeois, or citizens, who held a monopoly of power and commerce, really constituted the representative people of Geneva, and exercised their sovereignty under the name of the General Council. The efforts of the democracy were, therefore, mainly directed to enlarging the ranks of the representatives—that is to say, to admit to the councils, side by side with the citizens, the *habitants* and the *sujets*.[†] Beneath the apparent calm, though with decreasing virulence, the struggle continued, the animosity between the two factions remained the same, as shown by the storms aroused by the writings of Rousseau, who suddenly and with great eloquence constituted himself the interpreter of long-stifled claims. We see this antagonism yet again in the tolerance which the reigning families, in spite of their religious austerity, never ceased to extend to the unbelieving Voltaire, who, unlike his great rival, was no true revolutionary, and remained attached to nearly all the traditions of the past. The last vestiges of political and social inequality were not, however, to disappear entirely until much later, when Geneva, whose most illustrious citizen had contributed so much to prepare the way for the French Revolution, herself suffered from the reaction. It was in 1841 that a clever agitator, also endowed with the grand qualities of a statesman, one James Fazy, succeeded in achieving a victory for democracy, and the revolution in which he was the leader, which did away with all distinctions between the citizens of Geneva, and practically substituted the government of new men for that of the old families, at the same time brought to the front the problem which seems destined to replace that solved by past generations, and which is still the most pressing question of the day—the social problem. "Our true nationality," he says, in one of the reports in which he clearly defines the scope of his revolution and marks out the programme of his party, "is to be forever in the front. It is this which has distinguished Geneva in the past; it is this which is to distinguish her again. We have ever been of those who knew how to turn to account the great events of a century, and to make them fruitful of results in a small territory by the establishing of a good precedent. That which has won us success on more difficult points, and against greater antagonism, will enable us to succeed in a case in which every one goes beyond precedent. What we have to do is to prove to the world that the highest degree of practical liberty for a people is in the present time the best means of solving certain embarrassing social questions; of providing solutions for all the problems of organization and of the distribution of wealth; to increase prosperity by well-directed efforts on these lines, so as the better to insure order and peace."

Since the revolution of 1841, Geneva has been divided into two great parties, which succeed each other in power at irregular intervals: the radicals, who call themselves Radical Liberals; and the conservatives, who call themselves Democrats. These two parties are not really as much divided as one would suppose from the heat of their discussions. As a matter of fact, the Democrats mostly belong to the old Genevese families, and form, in spite of the title of their party, a kind of aristocracy. They answer to what in the time of the divisions of classes were the citizens. The Radicals are the old *habitants*, the new men belonging to the social stratum which, until the present century, was excluded entirely from participation in public affairs, and which now strives to monopolize them entirely. In political and administrative matters the difference is much less marked, the Democrats are no longer blind reactionaries, nor do they dream of restoring a past they know to be dead. The Radicals seem to incline towards state socialism; but they are moderate in their aspirations, and cause no real anxiety—at least not at present—to capitalists and land-owners. The Radicals, who remained in power for some ten years, governed without arousing any serious discontent, except at the time of the *Kulturkampf*. The Democrats, who succeeded them a few months ago, in their turn manage public affairs in a liberal and just spirit. The time has gone by when at every election the rival factions came to blows. On the contrary, they have made reciprocal concessions. Of the seven members of which the Council of State (the administrative power) consists, there are always two or three who belong to the minority, and the representatives of the opposite parties live on good terms with each other, working together to the best of their ability for the good government of the republic. Doubtless there are still malcontents, but they do themselves no good by complaining, and those who rise above the petty passions of the moment cannot but recognize that all goes well. It must also be said, to explain this peaceful condition of affairs, that Geneva is no longer the free city of former times, but merely a Swiss canton, her particular politics are therefore not of the importance they were. She is partially absorbed in the Federal policy, which tends more and more to encroach upon the autonomy of the cantons. This is, indeed, the danger of the hour for Geneva, who has everything to lose and nothing to gain by a more complete centralization; and to whom it is essential, whether in view of her own interests or the traditions of the past, to live her own individual life. Democrats and Radicals alike understand this thoroughly, and the most recent historian of the institutions of Geneva, Henry Fazy, has expressed the sentiments of all in the phrase, alike confident and anxious, in which he concludes his last work: "In the midst of the varied preoccupations of our democratic life let us strive to maintain the sentiment of our national individuality, and to this end preserve with the greatest care that independence of spirit and conduct which has been for four centuries one of the distinctive features of the Genevese character."

The history of Geneva, then, may be summed up thus: struggles with foreigners to maintain her autonomy, internal dissensions to realize in the course of centuries her democratic aspirations. Moreover, she has had to suffer more than any other town from religious animosities.

It is well known how Farel and Calvin introduced their reforms in Geneva, and made that city the bulwark of French Protestantism. The theocratic organization, which the energy and fanaticism of Calvin succeeded in establishing, was destined soon to disappear, but not without leaving behind it deep and durable results. Looking through the edicts of 1543, one feels as if one must be dreaming. Fancy to yourself a religious Utopia, an evangelical Arcadia—without, of course, any poetry or any shepherdesses—the realized ideal of an apostle imbued with a spirit of an asceticism that subjected a whole people to the insatiable requirements of his ferocious virtue. In this strangely constituted state ecclesiastical authority is paramount. The pastors, with the twelve councillors who were associated with them to form the *Consistory*, were commissioned to watch over the life of each member of the community—that is to say, they had the right; which they used, to inquire into the convictions, the doctrines, the faith, the mode of life, of private individuals. Laws forbade all manner of luxury, gambling, dancing, music. The Council examined fashions before modistes were allowed to introduce them; a thoughtless song was a misdemeanor; a blasphemy, a crime; immorality was punished by imprisonment, adultery by death. Carried away by the religious zeal which Calvin had succeeded in letting loose amongst them, the Genevese, hitherto so jealous of their liberties, sacrificed them to the most pitiless tyranny conceivable—that tyranny which claims to rule even the conscience, to impose faith, and to control the very thoughts.

Nevertheless, the success of the Reformation was so complete, so absolute, that the Catholic element disappeared entirely from Geneva, and was absent for a long time. In 1759, two centuries after the time of Calvin, there were still but 227 Catholics, including, said the registries of the day, "the house of Voltaire." The Catholic religion was, however, re-established by the French occupation, and the annexation of the Savoyard communes after the treaty of Vienna suddenly changed the proportions of the professors of the rival faiths. Nearly as numerous now as the Protestants, the Catholics, whose position had been minutely defined by a special treaty, that of Turin, had their own worship, their own church, their own curé; a bold, enterprising, and combative curé, too, the Abbé Vuarin, who tried to bring over to Rome the ancient capital of the Reformation.

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[*] Councillors could ride up or down this inclined plane, or be carried to the halls in litters.—Trans.

[*] See *Les Constitutions et la République de Genève*. By Henri Fazy. Geneva and Bâle.

[†] The translator has thought it best to retain these names of *habitants* and *sujets*, as the English words "inhabitants" and "subjects" fail altogether to convey the same idea as the French.

The Catholics of the annexed communes were included in the bishopric of Annecy, which was a kind of last link with Savoy that the Genevese government endeavored to break. In this it succeeded in 1829, and in spite of the opposition of the Abbé Vuarin, the bishopric of Geneva was attached to that of Lausanne and Freiberg. The number of Catholics, however, continued to increase, and in 1860 they were 2000 stronger than the Protestants. The idea of making Geneva an independent bishopric was naturally entertained, and a very enterprising and clever young priest, the Abbé Mermillod, attempted to realize it. In 1864 the then curé of Geneva was named Bishop *in partibus* of Hebron. This hurt nobody, and was tolerated. But at the same time Monseigneur Marilley, Bishop of Lausanne and Freiberg, allowed him to fulfil in Geneva the functions of Vicar-General. He even gave him the title, and the Pope in his turn named him auxiliary bishop for Geneva. The Genevese government saw the danger, but by declining to legislate in the matter, they tolerated this state of things for some time. The accession to power of a Genevese of the old school, Antoine Carteret, who was incited by the hereditary animosity against Catholics of the Calvinists of the sixteenth century, aroused the conflict which led to the Abbé Mermillod being conducted to the French frontier. This measure was, to a certain extent, justified, inasmuch as the attempt on the part of Rome to found a bishopric of Geneva was a manifest usurpation. But it let loose those religious passions ever ready to take fire in a town where doctrine occupies so much of the thoughts of the people, and provoked dissensions which it took a long time to allay. One of the results was to attract Père Hyacinthe Loyson to Geneva, and to substitute for Roman Catholicism, as the religion of the state, the creed known as that of the Old Catholics. This second reformation resembled the first in nothing, and Père Hyacinthe, in spite of his brilliant talents as an orator, is not of the stuff of which Calvin was made. Crowds hastened to his meetings, but he convinced few, and the church which he somehow managed to found did not survive his departure. That church still exists, it is true; she still occupies premises previously reserved to Roman Catholics, and burdens the state Budget with the stipends of her curés, but they officiate to all but empty benches, on which they can count on their fingers their three or four listeners. The mistake of the Genevese government has been to imagine it possible that there should be a schism in Catholicism, and to speculate on the sectarian spirit which Rome has succeeded in suppressing or banishing, whilst it rages beyond measure in the Reformed Church. Sects, in fact, with their narrowness, their bigotry, and their absurdities, are still a plague to the Geneva of the present day. The Salvation Army found here a field admirably prepared for it, and the town has had to tolerate it out of regard for that religious liberty which, it is true, allowed the conducting of the Abbé Mermillod to the frontier, and the closing of the convents, but does not permit the rescue of the foolish victims of General Booth. The power of expansion of sects, condemned to split up into factions, is fortunately very limited, and the different varieties of *mômiers*[*] they engender exercise but little influence even on the manners of their converts. The day of religious struggles seems to be coming to an end in Geneva, as everywhere else, and we may well believe that when the last Old Catholic has said his last mass to his last hearer, which will probably be before very long, there will remain no trace of the conflicts with which the names of Antoine Carteret and Cardinal Mermillod will ever remain associated.

Here, then, we have a town which presents the spectacle of an almost entirely original development, the history of which neither resembles nor belongs to that of any country, which for centuries has had its national independence, its own political existence, its peculiar religious life, which for a long time has made up by itself an individuality, a complete whole. It is natural that Geneva should have characteristics met with nowhere else. And as a matter of fact, visitors to Geneva have always been struck with her originality even when—and this has sometimes been the case—they have judged that originality severely without being able to understand it.

At the beginning of the sixteenth century the geographer Davity, who was the recluse of his time, devoted to Geneva a brief, incomplete, but very accurate notice. The Genevese astonished him. He was struck with their poverty, with their eager efforts to remedy that poverty, with their taste for economy, and the simplicity of their mode of life, which was carried to such a point that instead of themselves eating the salmon-trout of their lake, they sent them to Lyons! The rigid decorum of manners was in accord with the extreme modesty of deportment of the Genevese. "All the world takes pride in gravity and reserve," says Davity—sterling qualities enough, but with nothing lovable about them; and the geographer, who was a gentleman of the king's bedchamber, only half approved of them. A little more gayety and a little more sociability would have suited him better. Indeed, he himself adds: "The inhabitants of Geneva are clumsy enough in their manners and customs, but they have good brains, and know well enough how to manage their affairs; they don't care about seeing strangers in their town, especially if they have the faintest suspicion that they are Catholics. They pluck them, too, in the hostelries as well as ever they can."[†]

This notice seems incomplete, and in the next edition of Davity's book, which was revised and added to by an editor of Genevese birth, further details are given about the appearance of the town. The editor goes into raptures over the monuments and the fine stone walls. He describes the view, without, it is true, any more sense of the picturesque than was the fashion of the time, but with a certain taste, a latent admiration. His analysis of the Genevese character, far more elaborate than that of Davity, is also more sympathetic. He dwells on the same peculiarities, but defines them differently. As a true citizen of his native town, and unlike his predecessor, he cares more for seriousness than gayety, and his admiration for the solid qualities of his countrymen prevents him from reproaching them for their want of grace and ease of manner.

"The Genevese," he says, "are modest, frank, and intelligent; they succeed in the arts they cultivate. They love liberty more than do men of the world, and would rather die than lose it. They are ever gracious and courteous to strangers of whatever religion they be, and they are so respectful to those little distinguished in appearance that when they do not know them they salute them and give place to them when they meet them in the streets. They are very good-natured, not weakly so, but praiseworthily, which does not prevent them from being very courteous in their affairs and negotiations; they are dangerous when irritated, and most cautious in the government of their republic; indeed, this quality, combined with their courage, has kept their town free amongst a thousand attacks. They are also diligent and laborious, but very distrustful even amongst themselves; for they are persuaded that, humanly speaking, this is one of the means of their maintenance, not to trust one another, so great is their fear of being reduced to servitude! They were once very rough, both in language and manner, but they are more civilized through the frequenting of other countries, seeing that when they are twelve or fifteen years old they travel all about the world, gaining polish, and then on their return home they keep shop, where they are employed *aux charges publiques*."[*]

To complete the picture, the editor gives a few instances of customs; amongst others he describes the following, which appears to me charming: The betrothal took place—as did all the acts of life—before a minister. This minister offered the lovers wine in different glasses, and when they had drunk he mixed the wine left in each together, after which he gave the young girl's glass to the young man, and *vice versa*. "Then," adds our author, "the bridegroom gave a ring to his bride." This graceful little ceremony astonishes us in a town where the austere doctrines of Calvin still prevailed. The account of Geneva concludes with a description of the tortures inflicted alike on convicted criminals and those accused of crime. The executioner must have had plenty to do. Husbands who had committed adultery had their heads cut off, and as for the wives, they were taken out on the Rhone in boats and plunged into the river, with "a rope under the armpits, and a stone to make sure of their going to the bottom."

About the same time another and more illustrious traveller, John Milton,[†] gives an enthusiastic account of his visit to Geneva, in which town he spent a short time with one of his old Oxford fellow-students, Diodati, on his way home from Italy, where he had been very indignant at the laxity of manners and Catholicism generally. Everything charmed him in the little Calvinist republic; there he found completely realized his ideal of theocratic government. The laws, customs, and manners contrasted vividly with those he had just been studying, and Geneva was on a small scale the Puritan society England was shortly to become.

One very remarkable thing about Geneva was that she remained obstinately the same; the world about her changed, she was still what Calvin made her; retaining the sumptuary laws which even limited the outlay at funerals; her pastors still meddled in everything; she was still of an austere, rigid, and religious character. The famous article of Alembert in the Encyclopædia shows us the same aspect of Geneva, and he speaks of that city with a singular mixture of admiration and repulsion. A man such as he was could not but admire the strength of solid institutions capable of assuring independence to a tiny republic isolated in the midst of powerful neighbors, and to imbue her citizens with the Spartan spirit; but the philosopher and atheist could not resist the temptation of railing at the religious practices, on which he could exercise his wit with impunity. Amongst other remarks he says: "Divine service consists of two things, preaching and singing. The sermons are almost entirely limited to the subject of morality, and are of merit not worth speaking of; the singing is in very bad taste, and the French verses they sing are still worse. It is to be hoped that Geneva will reform in these two particulars, and perhaps succeed in praising God in better language and to better music." This passage was anything but pleasing to Jacob Vernet, who had given a long memorandum to Alembert to help him with his article on Geneva.

To the philosophers of the day Geneva appeared a neo-Spartan, neo-Roman city, a kind of modern Lacedæmon. Did not Rousseau, in the dedication of his *Discours sur l'inégalité* represent his country as a kind of ideal state, realizing the exceptional conditions which alone could promote liberty, good manners, peace, work, and intelligence? He even, far as he was from being a Calvinist, made an apology for the ministers, their influence, and their character. "Every one," he says, "knows with what success the great art of the pulpit is cultivated at Geneva. But too much accustomed to say one thing and do another, few people know to what an extent the spirit of Christianity, sanctity of manners, self-discipline, and charity towards others prevail amongst our ministers. Perhaps Geneva is the only town which presents the edifying example of perfect union between a society of theologians and of men of letters." Alas! he was soon to find that the liberalism of ecclesiastics, and, indeed, of laymen also, had its limits when he found himself driven out of the country he had loved so well and so much lauded—a country which had the books burnt into which he had put his very soul. Yet it was the theologians of whom he had spoken in terms so flattering who rose against him. It was the *Profession de Foi du Vicaire Savoyard* which raised the storm already prepared by the *Nouvelle Héloïse* and the *Contrat Social*. The free expression of his revolutionary ideas had been tolerated when he touched nothing but society and morality; they were found dangerous when he threatened dogma. "Our people are wise," wrote his most devoted defender, Father Moultou; "they are well informed; but where the interests of God are concerned, like all our nations, they are easily deceived."[‡] Profound words, truer perhaps of Geneva than of any other place at the time when Calvin's theocratic organization was still almost intact, and partly true even now when there is no longer anything Calvinistic in public institutions, but much in private life.

It was after the fall of Napoleon, with the return of the emigrants and the definite annexation to Switzerland, that Genevese manners began to be modified. The Geneva described by Stendhal in 1837 was already very unlike that of Davity and Alembert. Stendhal found about him many opportunities for his habitual impertinence. Doubtless some aspects of Geneva pleased him; a spirit so free and frank as his could not but admire its independence and originality. The severity of the struggle for existence which he deplores does not exactly displease him; he delights in the fact that a merchant with whom you are negotiating some big transaction claims a few pence from you for postage; he admires the skill with which some watch-maker with the very smallest talent for writing turns that talent to the best account for his own interests. One thing alone displeases him altogether, *dilettante* as he is, wandering about the world just as a distraction and to amuse himself, and that one thing is the total absence of gayety. "I like the Genevese very much," he says, "till they reach the age of forty; by that time they will generally have put away a little money or made a large fortune, but then comes out the chief fault in their education. They do not know how to play; they have not learnt how to live in prosperous circumstances; they become severe and Puritanic; they get out of humor with all those who amuse themselves, or seem to do so; they dub them immoral people.... No one," he adds, "can excel a beautiful Genevese girl of eighteen years old; but in a face so pure, from which all gayety is banished, *mômierism* [ultra-Calvinism] makes fearful ravages." He then goes on to make fun of a grand household for which a serious cook from England had been engaged. "Don't suppose that this means a cook who would not cook carelessly. What are gastronomic sensations to a family bent on restoring to Europe great monarchical and religious interests? What is meant is a cook who never laughs."

If Stendhal revisited Geneva he would find some changes, for the revolution in manners which began with the present century has gone on through the events alluded to above, and is now accentuated and completed. Geneva is now no longer the unique town described by the observers of the past; but just as she retains a few of her old streets and the foundations of some of her old buildings, she preserves beneath her modern varnish certain of her early characteristics.

The Genevese of to-day—I mean the true Genevese, one whose ancestors were citizens, not habitants—is very much attached to the traditions of the past. He knows his native town to the very smallest details; every year he celebrates the anniversary of the *Escalade* either by eating a trout, a goose, or some shrimps, with the rest of his family, or by sharing one of the banquets got up by all the societies of the town for the occasion. According to his age and his position in society, he will either go to the masquerade or reverently sing the old Huguenot hymn composed for the day in a Savoyard patois. In religious matters he may have broken with all definite belief, but he will retain, handed down to him through many generations, a hereditary respect for Calvinism and hatred for Roman Catholicism; he will frequent a church where his ministers, as in the time of Alembert, will dwell rather on morality than dogma, in a style which, though certainly improved, is not yet perfect. Moreover, the Genevese think nothing of style, they care for no language but the correct, terse, academic, somewhat declamatory form of speech with certain affectations of purism. They were very much exercised in their minds about the so-called *décadeurs;* nowhere was more fuss made about them; they were bantered in the papers, railed at at meetings, and sometimes even anathematized. It is not merely theoretical and practical morality which interests the Genevese; he is also very particular about *les convenances;* always correct, he often appears ceremonious; cold, solemn, and stilted, he stands, so to speak, upon his dignity. I think this is what Victor Cherbuliez calls "being perched up"; this weighty gravity of demeanor seems to the author of *Paule Méré* a symptom of vanity, but perhaps it really is merely the want of versatility which the era of Calvinism quite sufficiently explains. It is, in fact, in the history of Geneva—that history so full of struggle and suspicion of which we have been giving a sketch—that we must look for the origin of the most strikingly characteristic features of the combat-loving Genevese of the present day. His physical appearance, his marked features, express before all things energy and tenacity; and, truth to tell, he is energetic and tenacious in defending what he has and acquiring what he has not, often without any aim in view, but just for the pleasure of being what he is. Whether as lawyer or as merchant, inventor or financier, he always displays rare, patient, intelligent, and laborious activity in attaining the end he has in view; he knows what he wants, he gets it, and he keeps it. Davity was astonished at the extreme poverty of the inhabitants of Geneva; two centuries after he wrote, Stendhal said, "The Genevese are the chief moneyed men of the continent"; and at the present day Geneva numbers some hundred millionaires amongst her citizens.

Although there are no longer any sumptuary laws, although the taste for elegance is spreading, economy is still held in honor, a little less is always spent than might be; very rich men eschew the use of carriages. But economy as understood by the true Genevese is as far removed from avarice as from prodigality; it permits no useless luxury, but it allows everything that augments comfort, well-being, and enjoyment of life. Nowhere is charity more practised. It might, perhaps, be exercised with more grace, but is it not a fact that in every country good works seem a kind of tax to which the rich condemn themselves with crabbed looks, more out of duty than goodness? This combativity, which is a valuable quality in business, may become a fault in social life. And, truth to tell, the Genevese is sometimes very difficult to approach, and he has often not inaptly been compared to the chestnut—the fruit is excellent, but to get it you must prick your fingers. Now and then he is not content with standing suspiciously on guard; he easily becomes aggressive and launches out into bitter invective about trifles. He knows this so well that he has invented a word to describe this tendency in his character. This is *avenaire;* to be *avenaire* is to be rude, rough, touchy, punctilious, sulky, and gruff—in a word, to have every possible fault of manner not destructive of real goodness of heart, but detracting from its charm. In the same way the *bise*, or bitter north wind, does not destroy the beautiful landscape of the shores of the lake, but it spoils the enjoyment of them. The word *avenaire* is capable of many shades of expression; one may be more or less *avenaire*, and when this quality is not in excess its owner is bearable. You must not conclude from all that has been said that the Genevese is an unsociable being; far from that; there is at Geneva a very elegant and polite society made up of open-hearted people who have travelled a great deal, seen and read much, and with whom, when once one is admitted to their gatherings, intercourse is very pleasant. Professional men of the

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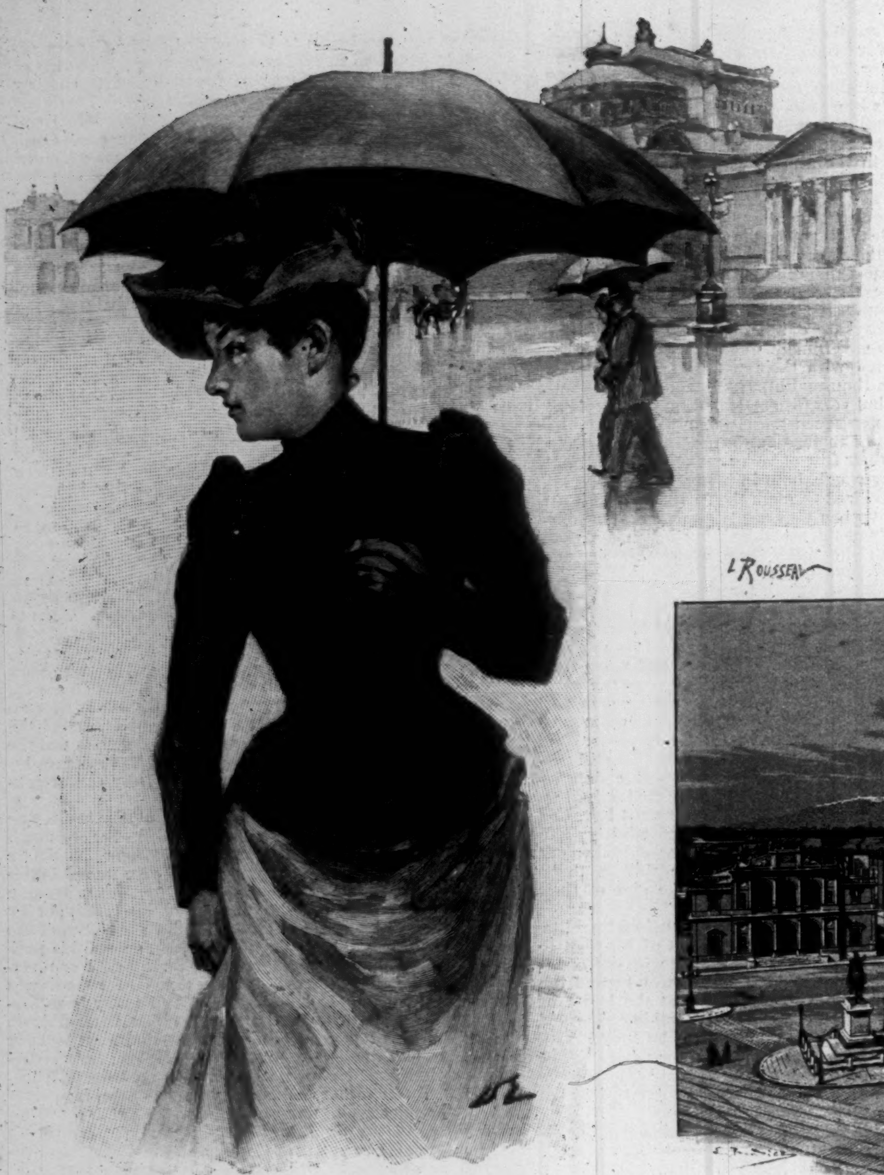
[*] *Mômiers* is a term of contempt applied to very strict Calvinists.—Trans.

[†] *Les États, Empires, et Principautés du Monde, representés par la description des pays, mœurs des habitants, richesses des provinces, les fiscs, le gouvernement, la religion, et les Princes qui ont gouverné chaque État.* Par le S^r. D. F. V. Y. Paris, 1613.

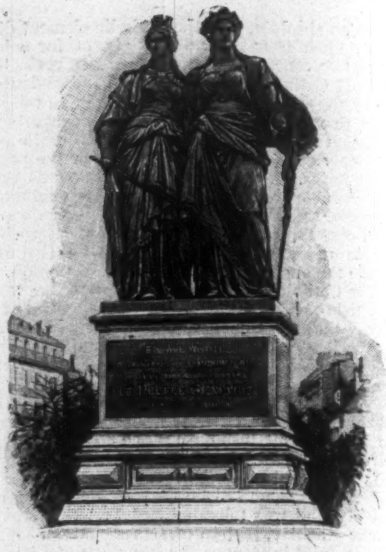
[*] The translator has endeavored to give a close rendering of the quaint old French of this quotation; but it must be remembered that its spirit is altogether unlike that of our own language, and it resists translation into modern English.

[†] *Pro me contra meorum Defensio.*

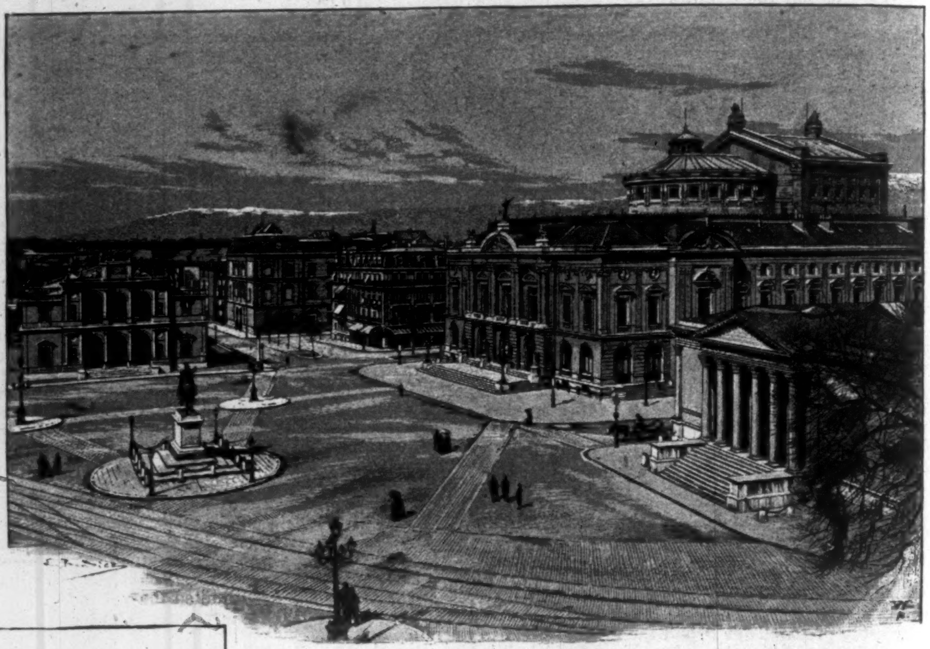
[‡] Unpublished letter to Reverdil.



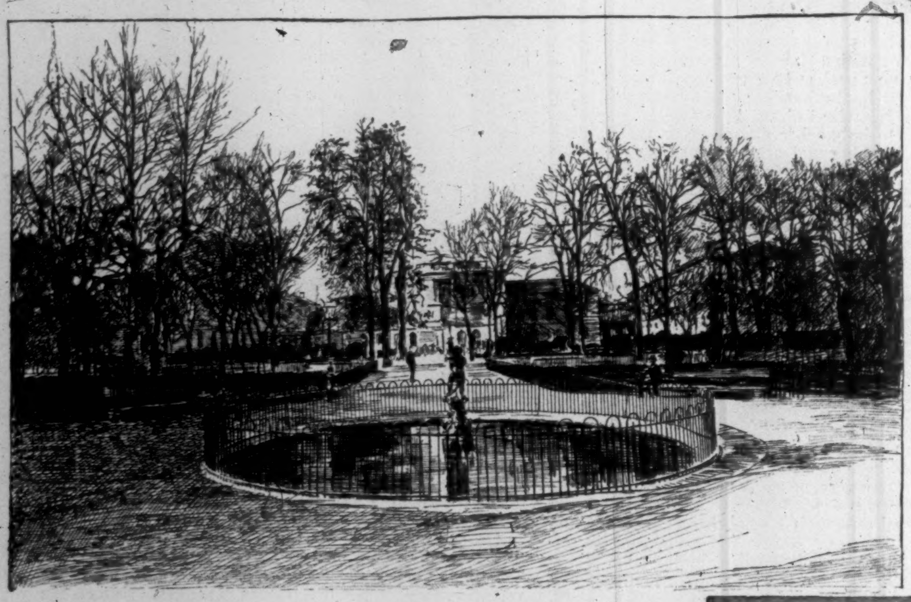
A GENEVESE OF THE PRESENT DAY.



NATIONAL MONUMENT.



LA PLACE NEUVE, GENEVA.



THE UNIVERSITY OF GENEVA.

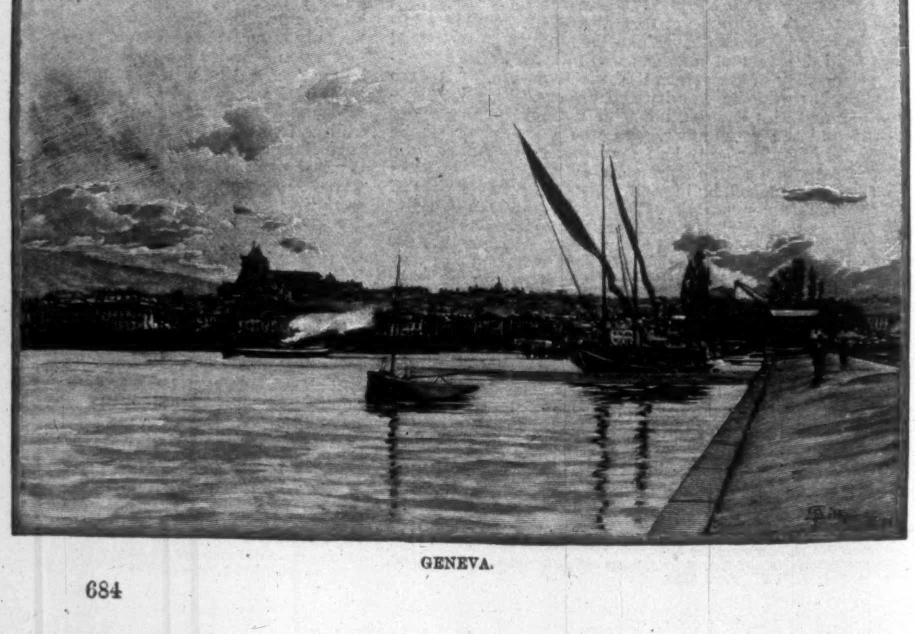
world or snobs would doubtless charge them with want of buoyancy; but is this really a fault? are the pleasures of society less because they are taken seriously? Or does conversation at a well-served table really lose by dwelling a little too deeply on the subjects discussed? With his accurate mind and solid judgment, a Genevese would always prefer discussion to mere chat; he is more at ease in it, and is often very interesting when arguing.

The characteristics I have been describing are common to all classes, though in different degrees. In the upper classes education, reading, and travelling have modified them; but amongst the people it is intensified, and is characterized by a sort of half-credulous simplicity which is not without its charm. The Genevese workmen, whether watch-makers or cabinet-makers, are of very individual types. Stendhal, who admired them after a fashion, characterizes them in a few words of remarkable justice: "The workmen of Geneva," he says, "understand arguments which would in France be considered far beyond their class, but, on the other hand, they would not be delighted with the *gamin de Paris* and the admirable Bouffé, as are the young workmen who fill the pit of the Gymnasium. The workmen of Geneva shock strangers, especially strangers of noble birth—they are never obsequious." Well-educated, and having in their libraries a Voltaire and a Rousseau, which they have read, the cabinet-makers of the present day would, I believe, enjoy comic actors such as Bouffé. They are original, too, and if a little heavy, still amusing and incisive in their wit.

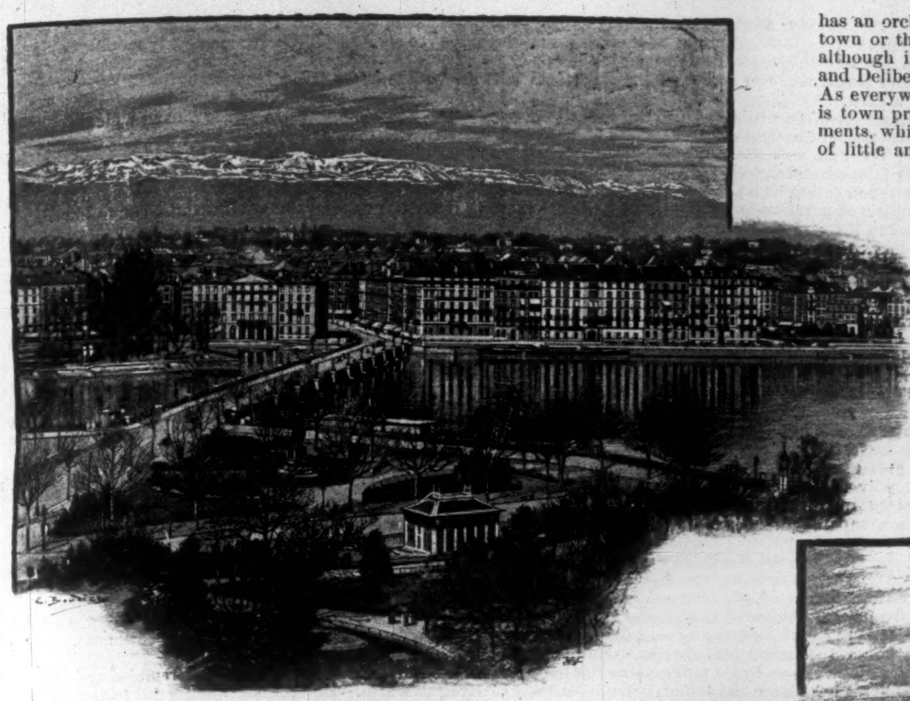
It is impossible to travel in England without noticing the difference of character between the woman and the man; they do not seem to belong to the same race; the man is the strong combatant with his hand on the helm, going straight to his aim, whilst the woman seems charged with the task of making amends by her charm and grace for all that is too energetic and tenacious, too abrupt and rough, about her husband. Well, in Geneva you find very much the same kind of difference between the sexes.

The Genevese women have gained much since the days of Stendhal. As in his day, they are pretty, but not because they cannot help it; they can now, on the contrary, enjoy their good looks. They dress simply and well. Their serious manner is neither pedantic nor sulky. They are still rather given to preaching, but it is not at all disagreeable to be lectured by a pretty mouth. Moreover, except when they fall into *mômierism*—which, alas, still sometimes happens—there is nothing rigid about their devotion, and it does not prevent their performing with grace their duties as women of the world. They are intelligent and well read; they always know one or two foreign languages; they read and understand all contemporary literature worth knowing, and therefore their conversation is rarely commonplace. Education is the chief danger to which they are subjected; it is abused, and too many teachers are turned out from the schools.

Geneva has inherited from the past a taste for intellectual culture. We know how many remarkable men of every kind she has produced, and what a very large proportion of men of genius there have ever been in her population. In this respect she has remained faithful to her traditions. We must, however, remark that science has been cultivated rather than literature, and the young men who devote themselves to liberal studies prefer science, and at the present moment it is scientific men who render Geneva illustrious. We must add that of late years literature seems to have become more esteemed; some young writers have arisen, a few of whom seem already to have succeeded in winning a position amongst men of letters. Stendhal severely reproached the Genevese writers for their "instinctive and fierce antipathy to the French spirit," their labored style, and the heaviness of their literature.



GENEVA.



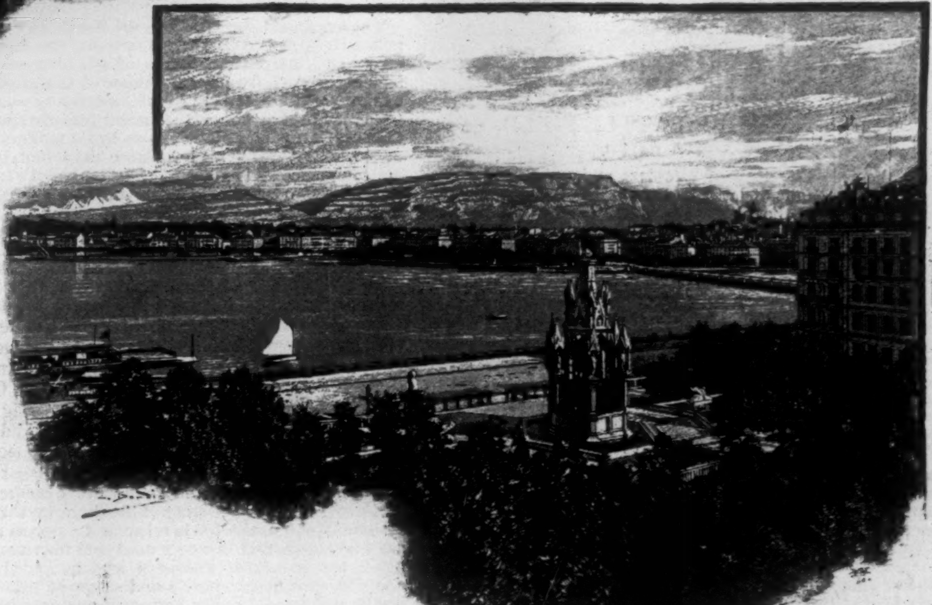
THE QUAY OF MONT BLANC, GENEVA.

The leaning of the present day towards French literature, which is becoming more and more accentuated, seems to tend to the toning down of some of the defects of the Genevese style. Certainly the antipathy to which Stendhal refers no longer exists; perhaps, some may say, because the French spirit has during the last quarter of a century become strangely tinged with cosmopolitanism. However that may be, and although their language is still a little heavy and dull, the young writers of Geneva follow pretty closely the Parisian movement, and some few of them have completely thrown in their lot with it. The so-called traditionalists never cease to reproach them for this tendency.

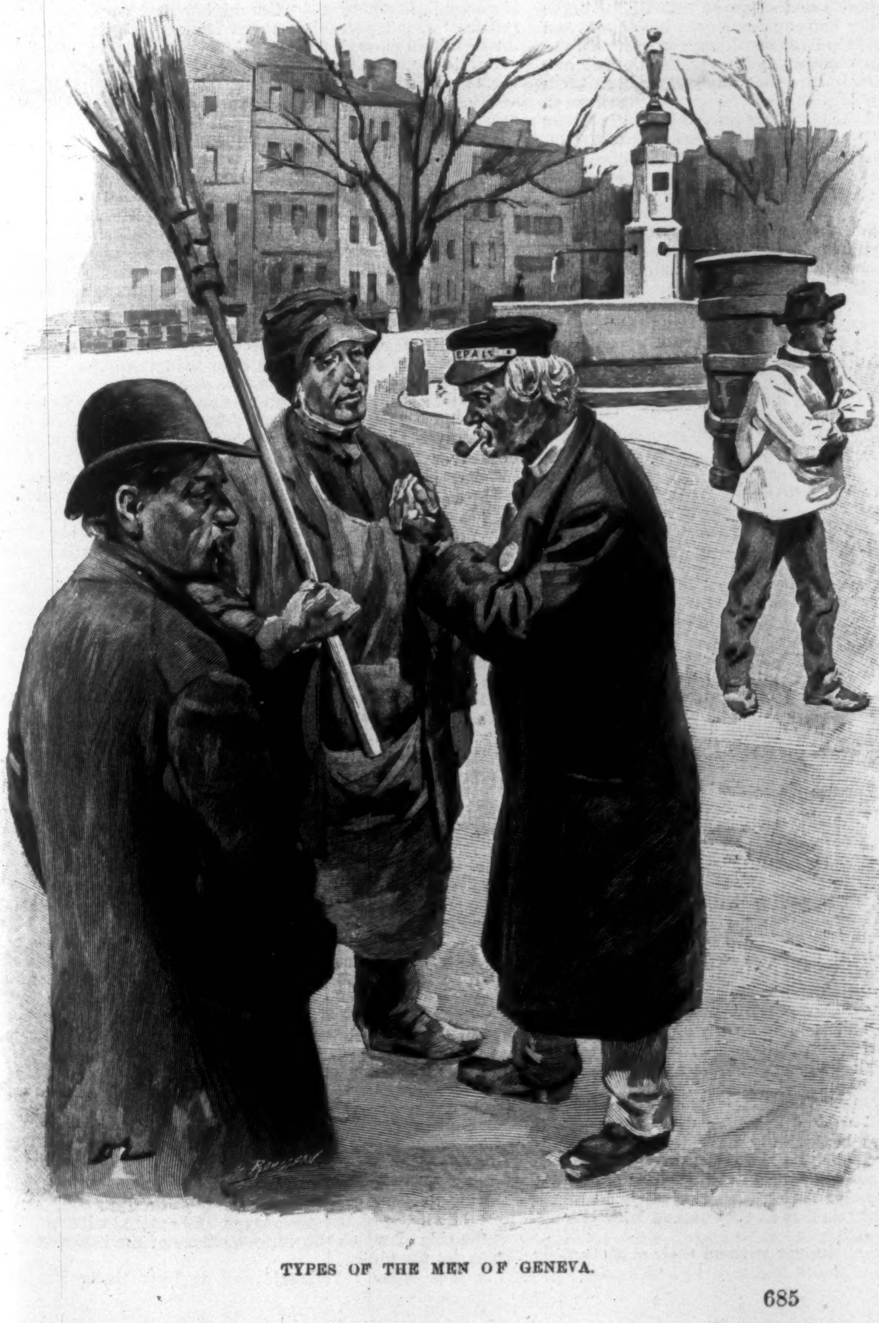
The interest taken in the arts is also very keen. Thanks to the generosity of certain wealthy and enlightened amateurs, Geneva has an orchestra and an opera company very superior to anything the resources of the town or the receipts at the theatre could pay for. The repertory is essentially French, although in 1890 *Lohengrin* was very successfully rendered. Gounod, Massenet, Lalo, and Delibes are much better liked by the Genevese public than the Italian composers. As everywhere else, music is almost too much cultivated. To the Conservatoire, which is town property, was added a few years ago a free academy, and these two establishments, which are really excellent institutions, fill every story of every house with a host of little amateur performers. In the summer, what with the orchestras of the cafés, the barrel-organs in full swing, the sound of pianos and violins, and the voices of singers heard from every open window, Geneva is like one huge musical box, resembling on a large scale the little instruments which are one of the specialities made in the town.

Painting, too, has made great strides in Geneva, and its development has greatly resembled that of literature. This art also suffered from the heaviness and monotony of the *refugee* style; in the hands of the Calames and Didays it was dull, heavy, and academic, but with the introduction of fresh blood it has become more independent, more fresh, more individual, and has even admitted the feeling for color. No doubt the Municipal Exhibitions held annually and the permanent exhibition in the rooms of the Athenæum leave much still to be desired; and the visitor who spends any time in them will note a good many canvases which would gain by not being shown, but he will also find, especially amongst the landscapes, a few showing true feeling for Nature and an honest effort to represent her.

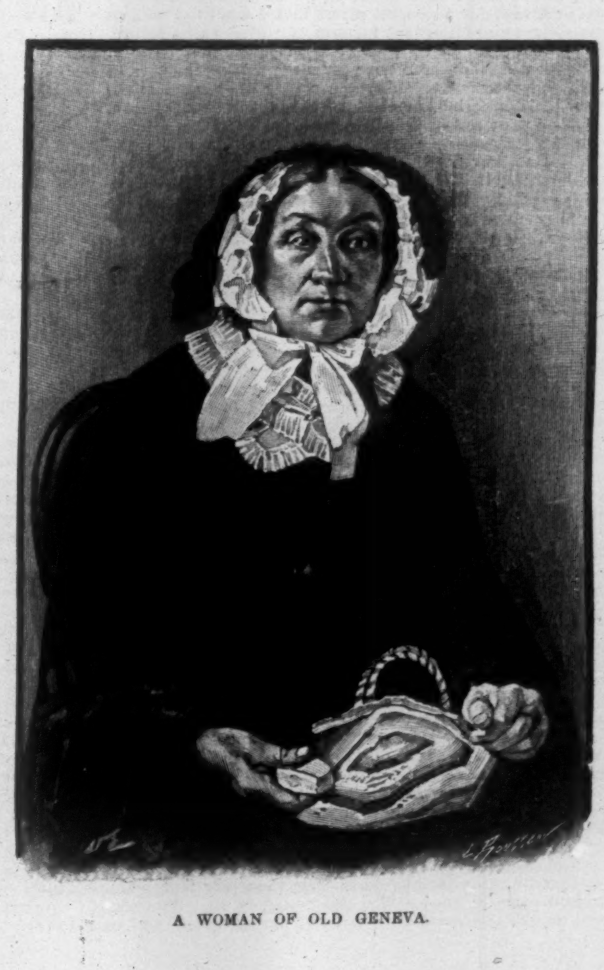
In every direction, as we have seen, there is a tendency to change, and the Geneva of the past is becoming superseded. In our first saunter round the quays and streets we made acquaintance with her old historic monuments, her ancient hotels and tumble-down houses, which are now surrounded by new quarters, with spruce, coquettish-looking houses, wide boulevards laid down with tramways, elegant villas in the midst of groves of young trees. In a similar manner the old foundations of the national character—rigid, austere, harsh, and obstinate—are still there, but toned down, softened, modified, open to new developments.



THE MONUMENT TO THE DUKE OF BRUNSWICK.



TYPES OF THE MEN OF GENEVA.



A WOMAN OF OLD GENEVA.

From the Geneva of Calvin, which remained pretty much the same for more than two centuries, issues a new Geneva which, without breaking entirely with the traditions of her past, modifies them sufficiently to avoid being crushed, as were so many other historic cities which are now numbered amongst the dead. Rejuvenated, supported on one side by Switzerland, which has absorbed her without taking from her her individuality, and on the other side by France, to which she is bound by ties material and spiritual, Geneva is still the active, bustling, hard-working, and intelligent city she has ever been, knowing how to attract to her the best elements of her neighbors, and to give to them her own in exchange, a town of little importance if judged by the number of her inhabitants, but great by reason of her intellectual and moral value.

Edouard Rod

GETTYSBURG BATTLE-FIELD.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

In the free literature of circulars and guide-books that falls into the hands of latter-day visitors to Gettysburg, it is startling to find the place mentioned as a summer resort. To tens of thousands of Americans the words will cause surprise, if not a shock. Not even twenty-nine years after the great battle which was fought there are the families of the 5600 who died in that fight prepared to consider the battle-field so lightly. To the men who fought on that field and who are still alive, especially to those of the 27,000 men who were wounded there, the suggestion must carry surprise. Yet time has worked similar changes with other fields of carnage, particularly to many of the Revolution's sacred battle-grounds. The earliest visitors to such a spot are those whose relatives were in battle there, and those whose curiosity has been aroused by the reading or the writing of history. If nature itself is especially beautiful in such a place, the number of visitors increases, and accommodations are supplied to meet the growing demand. The fame of the natural attractions is coupled with the primary interest in the place, and it becomes a resort. No sacrilege attends the change; rather is patriotism quickened by it. For on such fields the recitals of history seem almost like echoes, where visitors stand beside monuments to the heroes who fought there and among the vestiges of their desperate work.

Gettysburg was visited within a few days by an excursion party of the journalists of New York and Philadelphia, the great majority of whom had never before visited the place, and were scarcely prepared to find such great works of embellishment and record as have been made there. The village itself was of less account than might have been expected. It is a pretty collection of brick dwellings and numerous hotels and boarding-houses; but it is, after all, only a little place, much as it was in the war-time. However, it bustles with hope of a future, as was seen in the popular intention to make the care of pleasure parties as much of a source of income as possible. In the extremely beautiful country-side, as lovely as any bit of inland blending of hills and dales we know of, were found the reason and the excuse for this new condition.

It is not so much upon the battle-field's undoubted attractions or fitness for a general resort that I want to dwell as upon some more important matters that concern its future. But something about its present aspect must first be told. The work which has been done upon the field by the various States and veterans' organizations, under the charge of the Battle-field Memorial Association, has left it, in effect, a park. It is not a park, but it looks like one, and it affects the visitor as if it were one, even against his perfect knowledge of its real condition. So far as I remember the view, only one considerable hill that is visible from the heart of the battle-field is farmed to the top. The others are still wooded, and help to produce the illusion of which I speak. The valley and its ridges are under cultivation, but the farm-houses and the other buildings, some of which are very picturesque, are few in number. In addition to the original nine or ten roads which dissected the great field, there are now many broad and zealously attended other roads, which may be termed battle-field avenues. These have been built to lead to and along the three days' lines of battle and the points at which the fiercest combats took place. All along these and certain of the old county roads stand the rows of regimental and State monuments. There are nearly four hundred of them, and no American, however finely cultivated his taste, need be ashamed to acknowledge them as representative of the artistic progress of his country. Few of them are commonplace or of hackneyed form; the majority are beautiful; some are splendid works of art. They form a magnificent collection. They are heroic, valorous, warlike. No beholder of the field imbibes the impressions which a cemetery produces, for the splendid blocks and figures and bass-relief pictures are neither funereal nor do they mark any graves. They are the embellishments of a park in their general effect, of a battle-field when separately considered.

This park effect is peculiarly produced, for the battle-field is in the main a region of farms. But the roadways have been laid where they were wanted, and the sites or ground for the monuments alongside the roads have been purchased of the farmers, and stand open to the road-side, and fenced on the remaining sides. Here and there a monument is at the edge of the road. In one or two instances monuments stand far back in the fields; and in one case I read on a stone crowded into the road the statement that it should mark a spot a hundred yards back in the field. There are other and important parts of the field that know no alteration or cultivation, and seem as nature left them—the woods where part of the Twelfth Corps fought so desperately on the third day, for instance; the Devil's Den, where the Southern sharpshooters did their terrible work; East Cemetery Hill, where the Louisiana Tigers justified the taking of that name, yet were repulsed; Round Top; and the most dreadful and sacred spot of all, the Bloody Angle, with its neighboring copse, which marks the "high-water mark" of the rebellion. These all remain, are all richly marked with memorial granite and bronze, and amply serve to create for the great field the character of a park.

Two suggestions were often made and fully discussed by the journalists who visited the field on the occasion of which I have written. The first was the desirability of an outright ownership of the whole battle-field by the Federal government, and its preservation as an actual park. The second was the granting of permission for the South to put up monuments of some sort—many favored such as those already there—to mark the positions of the Southern troops. There seems to me at present less strength in the arguments for the purchase of the field than in those for leaving it as it is. I say "at present," because the farming that is carried on there is in great part where it was done when the battle took place, and because the purchase of the plots for the monuments marking the Federal lines of battle leaves them safe and the farming around them harmless. Many of the farm-houses and other structures, even some of the barns and outbuildings, are those around which the battle raged, and some played more or less important parts in the combat. To do away with these, if the field became a park, might be a part of the plan, but should not be, it seems to me. In a word, in time it may be a righteous necessity to buy the field, if houses crowd upon it or factories invade it, but those dangers are not now apparent; that is to say, not to the mere visitor.

The argument for allowing the Southern States and regiments to mark the Southern positions calls to memory a peculiar and interesting feature of what an excursionist sees and hears at Gettysburg. Others of the great battle-fields of the world are embellished by statues of and monuments to heroes, and by stones that mark historic spots within the fields. Gettysburg alone shows by its monuments the lines of battle of a whole army. More than that, her tablets record the place and extent of each command's front along the lines. Yet of the positions of the Confederates—the lines opposing those of the monuments—there is no mark, except it happens that a highway, or a ridge, or a heap of bowlders, stands where such a line was formed. Often, as the guides who tell the story of the fight to visitors day after day come to speak of the Confederate line or position, they point to a barn (which may burn down to-morrow), or even to the horizon, or to an indeterminate field, as in the case where Pickett's men marched, from no fixed place which the eye may rest upon, to heroes' deaths at the Bloody Angle. The main reason for the absence of markers for the Southern lines is well understood. It needs no apology. It was natural. It was part and parcel of the patriotism that fought the war to its victorious close.

But the notable and interesting feature of the hour is that this patriotic and strongly resentful feeling is losing its keen edge upon the battle-field. To-day every guide, lecturer, and historian, in telling the story of the three days' battling, gives a share of the praise for heroism and valor to the Southerners who confronted our own martyred warriors. Again and again the names of Southern leaders and battalions are coupled with hearty praise and eloquent tributes for brave deeds, and this by living heroes of our own blue cloth, and by lecturers most careful of the sensitiveness and even the prejudice of Northern hearers. Moreover, the Confederate chieftains are respectfully mentioned as having been upon the ground in this year or that since the war, and their recollections and records of the battle are quoted precisely as are the words and writings of our own leaders. Further yet, I read in a pamphlet put forth by the chief guide to the field that the Memorial Association contemplates opening up avenues along the Confederate lines, and marking the positions of each division, brigade, and regiment. I do not know whether that is true, but the fact that it is published where once the war was angriest is sufficient unto the day.

Verily, time has power to heal, and the mantle of peace shall endure to cover all scars of the past.

AN EARTHLY PARAGON.

BY EVA WILDER McGLASSON,

Author of "Diana's Livery."

IX.

"I won't attempt to guess," said Sylvia, "unless some one is dead."

"Dead! Do I look as if I carried— Oh, come!"

"I'm afraid I should be glad of almost any intelligence," smiled Sylvia.

Bylands was trying to make his horse stand. "It's a dance—"whoa, Mac!—over at the county-seat—a real country dance. I only found out about it this morning Will you go?"

He smote the sorrel's neck, his figure giving to the animal's curvets.

"You'll go, won't you?" he repeated, rather anxiously, though his voice had something like an accent of domination, as if he were prepared to resent a refusal.

"With you?" asked Sylvia, a certain timidity in her tone.

"Why, yes."

Sylvia straightened her little straw hat, holding the ribbons under her chin. Her glance still questioned him.

"Rosetta?" she suggested. "She will go with us?"

Bylands's dark face flushed in such sort as if he had inwardly smiled. "Oh," he exclaimed, "she is over there now. Her aunt lives there."

"I shall be very glad to go," said Sylvia at once, rather formally.

The sorrel, still plunging, made a short forward run, and Delk, holding in the reins, called back, "We'll have to start before early candle-lighting."

The day suddenly brightened for Sylvia. She felt like one who gropes in the dark, listlessly dragging himself toward deeper shadows, and who at a turn of the road catches the leaping red of a cottage window. She thought of the social gatherings she had so detested in the life which lay behind her.

Out of the gray cells of apathetic memory stole a pale phantasm of the well-ordered rooms of that college town, the big-bowled lamps benignantly lighting some evening festival. The stuffed chairs and sofas ranged themselves against the gilt-papered walls, their cushions hid in the black silk gowns of the village ladies, who held their handkerchiefs in embroidered bunches as they talked with one another.

Sylvia saw again the younger women, their steps turning toward the hallway, in which lounged the two or three unmarried men of the town, aware of their importance and indifferent to smiles. The hostess, vaguely troubled about the ice-cream; the minister, with his air of professional cordiality; the odor of coffee; the remarks of the village wit, a bald-headed gentleman, who laughed at his own humor—all this set itself in array against the rustic rout to which Sylvia was looking.

If it had no other charm, it would at least have the grace of unlikeness. Its colors would be splashed in rough frescoes, for Casey County gave all its effects broadly. There were here no Meissonier bits to tease the eye to microscopic squints. Sylvia felt herself expand with a large sense of freedom as the captain and Bylands tucked her into the narrow buggy, and the sorrel dashed forward into the twilight.

They crossed Knob Lick, passing through Winklers, which seemed to climb a hill in rather a breathless fashion and tumble exhaustedly down the farther side. A white little church with a stile, a blacksmith shop, barns, hogs, a saddle-horse neighing outside a long brown house—these wheeled by, and the open country was reached. Before them lay a long stretch of soft road, striking into low hills blued with gathering shadows. The whole brown landscape, marked here and there with trees, the fragile budding of which the evening hid, was a little as if covered with deer-skin and planted with stark antlers. An expression of impassive strength touched the darkening view. The land lay as if unaware of its mightiness, like a giant asleep, in whose very inertness is force.

It set in to rain, and Bylands put up the buggy top against the fine warm drizzle. The sky dropped low and black, and pasture fences threaded the gloom like a combed-out cloud. There was a lonely murmur of water, and they came presently to a river which struck a pallor on the night's face.

As the horse took the ford, Sylvia trembled and laid hold of Bylands's arm. He laughed, and leaned toward her with a sense of protection, straightening himself as they came up the steep bank. Shortly after, they fetched up before a sturdy white house of many lighted windows—an old-looking house, which, from the bulging gallery about its upper story, seemed to stand with arms akimbo. A dark old woman, with foreign ear-rings dangling over her yellow neck, bustled out to receive them. Delk went away with the horse, and Sylvia was taken up stairs to another of the great bedrooms, with which she had now got rather familiar. Supper was waiting. The dance was to be at the court-house over the way, a pink brick structure which Sylvia had caught a vague glimpse of. Girls in muslin gowns chattered as they tied each other's sashes. Rosetta Valley, in a shapeless white dress, overblued in the wash, a gilt pin in her tumbling gold hair, looked wistfully toward Sylvia over the pink satin bow at her matchless throat.

Presently she came over to Sylvia and said, "Mr. Bylands is here, isn't he?"

"Oh yes," smiled Sylvia. "He was good enough to bring me. I felt a little as if I were imposing on his kindness. He wouldn't have come, I know, but that you were here."

Rosetta's face, which had seemed almost sad, beamed as if a rosy light smote it. "I'm mighty glad you came," she cried. "Don't you mind about Delk. He's the *best* man. Just can't do enough for folks."

Sylvia regarded her with a slowly dawning smile. "You must thank him for bringing me," she said.

Whereat Rosetta, with a gesture of fondness, linked her arm in Sylvia's.

"Let's go down to supper," she said. "How little your hands are, ain't they?"

X.

The table was spread in a narrow uncarpeted room along the back of the house. Numbers of people were eating—girls, some of whom Sylvia had seen upstairs, and young men, whose heads above the dishes disclosed sunburnt hues and low brows plastered with long centre locks.

Jelly-cakes in slim-stemmed glass comports spread frosty gleams at intervals over the laden crockery.

At one end of the room a door opened into a kitchen, in which several black women were busy. The other end gave upon the side street, and this door being also ajar, tobacco smoke mingling with men's voices stole in.

Bylands, glancing toward the dining-room, saw Sylvia sitting at the table with Rosetta Valley. He stood for a moment looking at the two, biting his mustache. Then he went in and took a place opposite the two, talking gayly, but not catching their eyes when he could avoid it. He seemed paler than usual, and more refined in his dark clothes, a narrow string tie of black below his stiff collar.

Rosetta, happily aware of him, ate placidly, biting clean circles from her bread. Beside her, Sylvia took little sips of strong coffee, her slight wrists resting on the table. There was a slack string of very small blackish pearls about her throat, and her dress, breathing the odor and color of heliotropes, duplicated the purplish shadows around her eyes.

After supper a heavy-looking young fellow with a red neck-scarf lounged up to Rosetta.

"My cousin Tom," she said to Sylvia.

He had come to take her over to the court-house. She looked toward Bylands.

"You won't be mad?" she whispered. She was very pretty in the airy white thing she had flung over her head. Her eyes were like slashes of brown velvet.

Delk smiled indulgently, giving her a little push. "No, no," he said.

Sylvia, standing by, had thrown an end of her long cloak about her head. Under it she had the air of a hooded nun in a gray livery, her face as white and fine as a carving of dead ivory.

They passed a small room, in the door of which several men were looking. A girl in a thick brown dress, very young, with a fringe of bright hair across her brow, sat trembling in a corner. Across the threshold, as it were on guard, a loutish fellow, with stretched legs, his head on his breast, stupidly sat in a chair too small for him.

"Look-a-here, Wells," expostulated a man in the outer group, "I'll take Sudie over to the dance, and you kin come on when you feel e'k'l to it—hur?"

"I jest as lieves wait," cut in the girl.

Wells swaggered in his chair. "Ef she don't want to wait on me till my head gits level—"

"I do, Joe! I'll wait!" She signalled the others. "You go on; he'll be all right after a while. Look like thet that whiskey they're sellin' down at Beasley's jest makes a man crazy. They ought to be shut up."

Bylands drew Sylvia past. They crossed a muddy reach of roadway, mounted some steps, and entered a lighted hall, at the side of which the various offices of the building were open for the night.

A boy called "Tickets!" and as Delk threw him two slips, Sylvia caught the lilt of a banjo and the screech of a fiddle in tuning. The musicians—two negroes, startlingly black against the plaster wall—sat in a corner, their faces solemn as death. Heaps of coats and shawls filled the window-seats, in which several girls sat high, talking to their friends. Some of the men were booted, and Sylvia saw here and there on a heel the gleam of a spur. Some looked like the men of towns. One black-haired girl had on a yellow satin gown, the papery flounce of which crackled as she walked. She carried herself importantly, greeting Rosetta Valley with an embrace.

"Mighty mixed crowd," she said. "I'm awful glad you come; hardly any of our set's here. Who's that girl talking to Mr. Delk Bylands? Thin as a taller dip, ain't she?"

Sylvia felt a nervous rush in her temples as she overheard this.

The dance began. It was a sort of cotillon in which every one knitted hands, wheeling wildly round and round, or separating in grotesque groups, as a busy young man with an anxious brow called the figures.

Sylvia and Bylands sat in a window watching the others. Sylvia listened to the mingled thump and scream of the instruments, smiling at scraps of talk which reached her as the dancers circled past.

Some women with babies in their arms looked in from the hall, exchanging comments, their hips swaying.

"That thar girl o' Bob Valley's, she gits away with the hull kit 'n' bilin' of um," said one, eying Rosetta, who was dancing with her cousin.

Her movements had the gracefulness of a wind-swept flower, and Sylvia, half closing her eyes as she gazed after the rhythmic figure, seemed to see cloudy gauzes, light as foam, replace the girl's starched cottons. Her low brows, burnished with dull gold, appeared as if empurpled with celestial roses. She might have been a creature of the days of Silenus, rushing on rosy feet from an amorous satyr.

Her shadowy eyes continually sought Bylands as the changes of the dance brought her in range of him. She was posturing for his pleasure, like an Eastern slave before her Sultan; and Delk, catching the entreaty of her soft glances, paid them now and then the approval of a nod. He held her in view, feeling some spiritual tune in him keep time to her circlings.

"She is lovely," he said suddenly, with the intensity of a newly impressed conviction, almost unaware of the girl to whom he spoke.

Sylvia's consciousness opened to his abstracted exclamation as to a swift thrust of steel. Something hard and bitter modelled itself in her delicate lips. She reverted to the black-haired girl's comparison, and her eyes strayed to the candles sputtering in pewter holds along the mantel-shelf.

"I am like them," she thought, sickly—"so mean a figure, the flame at the top is nothing."

She looked again at Rosetta, and dully wondered if there was any power equally cogent with beauty. She thought of the women whose chains bound Pericles and Cæsar, and spurred by the ideas which they suggested, her mind dashed through a dim historic garden, grasping here and there at some conspicuous flower flaunting on a deathless stalk.

She breathed a little fast. The dancers were shadows, and in the space they had filled, other figures rose. Subtle eyes unfolded and regarded her. Lifting themselves on the purple cushions of fantasy, certain women of story cast down the ages long looks still powerful to win men's interest from the living loveliness around them. A strange light fired Sylvia's glance.

Bylands, listening to her talk, felt himself completely interested. He gave her an undivided attention. The dance ended and another began, but the conversation in the window-seat went on. Rosetta Valley, missing the encouragement of Bylands's looks, moved with waning concern, her childlike face saddened to an open misery.

The third dance ended before Sylvia, with a sudden air of recollection, said: "Oh, they have stopped again! You have been very good to let me keep you so long. I am going to repay you. I am going to send you to Rosetta."

"Not yet," stammered Delk, coming to himself with a start.

Sylvia slipped down from the window-sill, her smile a smile of dismissal. An unwonted pinkness stained her cheeks, and her teeth reflected the slight color of her lips.

Henry Dye brought up the anxious-browed young man, whom he introduced to her consideration as Mr. Amos W. Salt.

Mr. Salt brought his heels together. "'Gaged for the next dance—waltz-cudrille?"

Sylvia listened graciously, sensible that Bylands was scowling.

Mr. Salt crooked his arm. "Promenawde?" he suggested.

They walked down the long halls, passing numbers of heated couples, the men mopping their brows, handkerchiefs tied inside their wilting collars.

Sylvia sat down on some steps near the outer door, Mr. Salt solicitously fanning her with a piece of a law document which perhaps had figured in a late suit. As he talked, Sylvia caught a word or two on the sheet: "Case 173. State of Kentucky *vs.* John—"

"Stranger here?" asked Mr. Salt, after a summary of his own life and adventures.

Sylvia, explaining her presence in the village, observed a new ray of light on the staircase side. Some one had opened the door of a small room at the right, and looking into it, Sylvia saw Bylands leaning against the mantel, his eyes on the upturned face of the girl sitting hard by. His expression was compunctuous and resentful and slightly sullen.

Rosetta's voice was not low. Sylvia could distinguish an accent of reproach in it.

"You oughtn't to blame me for it," she was saying. "I can't help feeling bad. You hevn't been over for a whole week. Paw's noticed it."

"I have been busy," said Bylands.

He seemed to feel the ungraciousness of his position, and kicked at the fender in an exasperated style.

"But you'll hev more time now the river's dropping. Won't you come over every other night, Delk, like you used to?"

Her tones thickened, and at the appeal to his memory some poor ghost of sentiment stirred in him. He pushed a chair round and sat beside her, giving her hand a gentle pat.

"You mustn't let a man see how much you care for him," he said, smiling at her tears.

"I can't help it," breathed Rosetta, a drop dashing down her cheek. "I just don't care what any person thinks. When you're mean to me I want to die."

"Mean to you, Rosetta?"

"If I see you even speaking to—another woman. I know I'm a goose."

"Yes, Rosetta."

"You're not mad?"

"Good heavens, no!"

"Because I want to ask you something. Miss Bylands is real sweet, Delk."

Delk waited for her to go on.

"Do you think—" Her tone was confidential, and she was blushing. "You see, it's this way. Her clothes are the pretties' things, and paw says I can hev just anything I want when I get my wedding fixings. Do you reckon she'd help me pick um out? Aunt Mag says I better not wait till fall to get my clothes. She says she'd get um right along, and not be all hurried at the last. Would you ask her if you was me?"

Bylands got up, turning toward the fire. "I—don't know, Rosetta," he stammered. "I don't think I—would."

The music had struck up again, but Sylvia decided not to dance. She made an excuse of weariness to Mr. Salt, begging him not to lose the set on her account, and Bylands presently found her in a corner of the stairway, her chin in her clasped hands.

She looked down listlessly at him. All her former radiance was gone. Above her thick lavender neck frills her face was a small silvery fleck, intangible as a moonbeam among the staircase shadows.

"I'm afraid you are tired," said Bylands. His voice had a tone which startled him.

"I should like to go home," said Sylvia.

He looked at his watch. "I will have the horse around in a minute," he said.

It was very dark when they started. At first the scant lights of the village streaked the wet ground and shook redly in pools along the way. But after the last house was passed, the very road seemed to disappear, and all Sylvia's straining eyes could take in were the adjacent hills, which had an effect of spreading nearer, a faint pallor of sky along their summits. The horse was distinguishable only as a slight pulsation in the forward gloom, as of a dissipating cloud.

Bylands suddenly made a sound of annoyance. "They have forgotten to give us a lantern," he said, "and I am afraid to turn."

"Can't you see where to drive?"

"Oh, the horse knows the way," he replied, evasively, thinking of the ford, and feeling in his pockets for a match. "Would you believe," he reported, amazedly, "that I have only got one match—a man who smokes the way I do?"

He struck it. The blue flag of flame fluttered like a ribbon, and rose in a vermilion haze.

"I thought so," said Bylands, looking about.

They were something out of the road, and he had heard the snap of twigs under the horse's feet.

"I shouldn't care to run into any of these stumps," he remarked, getting out.

The match was burning low, a wiry blackness writhing in the flame like a tortured worm. Bylands turned the horse into the road again, the little light disclosing with its last flare the steep downward bank, with its oblique water ruts, a rush of black water, and a higher bank beyond. Bylands knew the river must be rising, but he said nothing, and they began to go down the slope. Sylvia started at the hollow gurgle of the water as they took the stream. The buggy went sideways, as if dragging with the current. It struck something hard, and above the sound of the water the clash of the wheels on the rocks was like the grit of ravenous teeth.

Sylvia felt oddly calm, leaning back in the seat. She had a sense of abandonment as if one in a superhuman grasp. The buggy appeared suddenly to become very light. The water was unseen, but Sylvia felt a cold ripple about her feet.

"Do not be frightened," said Bylands, in a low voice. "There! we've struck bottom again."

The grating sound set up once more. The buggy jolted and lurched upward as the horse's feet buried themselves in the bank. Sylvia gave a little moan of relief, and then it seemed to her as if Delk's weight had been cast backward by some upheaval of the ground.

She heard him exclaim, and in an instant the horse's shape, sharp-eared, rose straight ahead, perfectly erect, as if he had ramped on his hinder legs, and stood motionless. She knew in a flash that he had missed the oblique road, and had started up the steep rise.

"Don't move," said Bylands.

He seemed to be getting out. The buggy pitched airily, as if it balanced on a single spoke, and Sylvia felt a wheel rim in her hand. There was a jerk. She had a sense of falling, and felt her cheek strike the soft clay of the bank, which, as the buggy moved upward—Bylands at the horse's head—let her slip down and down till her foot caught in something that stayed her weight. She could hear Bylands urging the horse. It seemed a great effort. She had a feeling that the lumbering vehicle must pull horse and man into the muttering river just below.

There was a strange lack of interest in her perceptions. She felt like sleeping. It was very still, and the drip of the warm rain on her face was as soothing as a gentle handstroke on the hair. A soft ease stole through her, and her head appeared to be sinking infinitely back in a pillow of down.

Bylands, having got the horse in the upper road, reached to fix the rugs about Sylvia, a word of reassurance on his lips.

"That was a narrow slip," he said, and then his soul leaped into his throat. He called her. An owl hooted, and the river surged loudly. It seemed to him that he retrod the waxy bank a dozen times, groping and calling, before he stumbled against something which lay at the foot of a small sapling. There was the feel of fur in his hands. He threw off the rugs in which she was wrapped, and caught Sylvia up. Her head fell limp as he lifted her, shaking her roughly in his fright.

It seemed to Sylvia that she heard him with annoyance. There was the spatter of rain again in her face, and she was no longer comfortable, but only wet and scared, with the blackness of the night closing around her, and Bylands's voice sharply entreating her.

"Oh," she breathed, trying to stand, "what is the matter? I—"

"Sylvia!" cried Bylands, in an agony of relief. "Oh, dearest!"

XI.

A speckled hen was proudly leading a new brood out, and the little whiffs of downy yellow blew about the fine young grass of the pasture opposite the Lichens House, as airily inconsequent as if no animating appetites directed them. It was just after noon. The sun was warm for early April, and Sylvia felt it comfortably on her bare head as she leaned over the fence, watching the speckled hen's matronly bearing.

She was sensible of a recurrent memory which excited her perceptions, and yet which left a strange tang in her moral palate.

Bylands's momentary abandon, his touch of her hand, and his fervent exclamation, these vivified Sylvia's ideas to a consciousness of poor triumph. But there was somewhat in the recollection of her mischances of the night before which breathed a feverish odor. As of a personal indignity, she was aware of having openly condescended to take Bylands's fancy by storm. It had seemed as if she must prove to herself the existence of forces more compelling than those expressed in a merely human accordance of curve and color. She had wished on this score to read the text of personal conviction, and on a sudden the book was open to her dazzled eyes. She admitted to herself a wish to see a little further into the fresh pages, but she was afraid to go on, and simply realized that there was nothing for it but to shut the volume with her interest at a crisis.

A wonder as to the best fashion of carriage toward Bylands when they should next meet was turning in her mind. She had almost decided to leave the embarrassing decision with him, when she saw him approaching. He came up behind her, his face working.

"Miss Bylands," he said, rather humbly, "may I speak to you?"

"He is going to apologize," thought Sylvia. "That is bad." And turning a little, she said, "Oh yes." Her eyes were down, and she felt singularly at peace with herself, reassured by his perturbation. "Certainly, Mr. Bylands."

Delk had arranged with himself the matter of a speech commingling elements of excuse and entreaty, but the words left him rather unexpectedly, and he stood looking toward Sylvia with a kind of dumb appeal in his dark face. He had come close enough to set an elbow on the fence, and suddenly he buried his face in his hands. Sylvia saw his cheek redden under the dwindling end of his mustache. He threw his head back as if defying the emotion that was on him, his lips seeming to harden. For a moment he had the mastery, and then all at once it appeared to Sylvia as if his lips broadened and his eyelashes clung together. He wheeled away with a groan of shame.

His tears were far more effectual with her than any eloquence could have been. She trembled to see them, but they conveyed to her an insidious flattery.

"I am a fool!" he said, dashing at his eyes with a rapid hand. "Oh, what shall I do, Sylvia?"

She regarded him with a tender compassion which wore the specious garb of an almost motherly sentiment.

"I never spent such hours in my life," he breathed. "Sylvia, you don't—you are not offended? Ah, I don't mean that! I mean—"

She was still observing him with her gentle air. "Let us forget whatever has occurred," she suggested. "We are friends still, I hope."

"'Friends?' No; I—"

"Hush!" advised Sylvia.

"But I can't! This isn't friendship which I have for you."

"If you say any more, I shall go."

He stared at her helplessly. She looked as firm in her fragility as a carving of white jade. Her lips were white too, except that at their joining a thread of color showed faintly.

"I may come to the house—as usual?" he faltered. "You said we might be friends."

Sylvia let her eyes range down the road. The view was dull and sordid. All the meannesses of the houses and straggling fences and abject sheds stood bold in the sunlight. Hogs were rooting about the freight-house platform, and unkempt children sprawled here and there in an open doorway.

It was a desperately dull outlook. As she turned from it, Bylands made a little gesture of pleading, his lips still uncertain in their slight covert of beard.

"Sylvia!" he said.

"Oh well!" said Sylvia, her hand sweeping outward as if she dismissed the matter lightly. "Yes—come!"

XII.

Bylands, in studying his position, felt like a man who, having eaten to the full of bread and milk, is bidden to a banquet, his eye mocked by the delicate viands. He felt sure that but for his relations with Rosetta Valley, he might have made no barren task of wooing the captain's niece. Dispassionately examined under the laws of pure reason, the feeling he had had for the Kentucky girl seemed merely a sort of satisfaction at her open preference.

He had thought of marrying because in his surroundings bachelorhood had no special charm or privilege. Rosetta's vaunted beauty pleased his pride no less than his artistic perceptions. Other men plied her with devotions, one young fellow, the son of a rich land-owner in an adjoining county, notably paying suit.

Folks began to intimate that unless Bylands "made better time, old Clasher's son 'd beat his record"; and Delk, spurred with a desire for the other man's discomfiture, said, pettishly, to Rosetta:

"I don't want to meet that fellow Clasher here again. If he keeps on coming, I shall stop."

"Shall I tell him," faltered Rosetta, her lovely eyes seeking his face—"shall I tell him—"

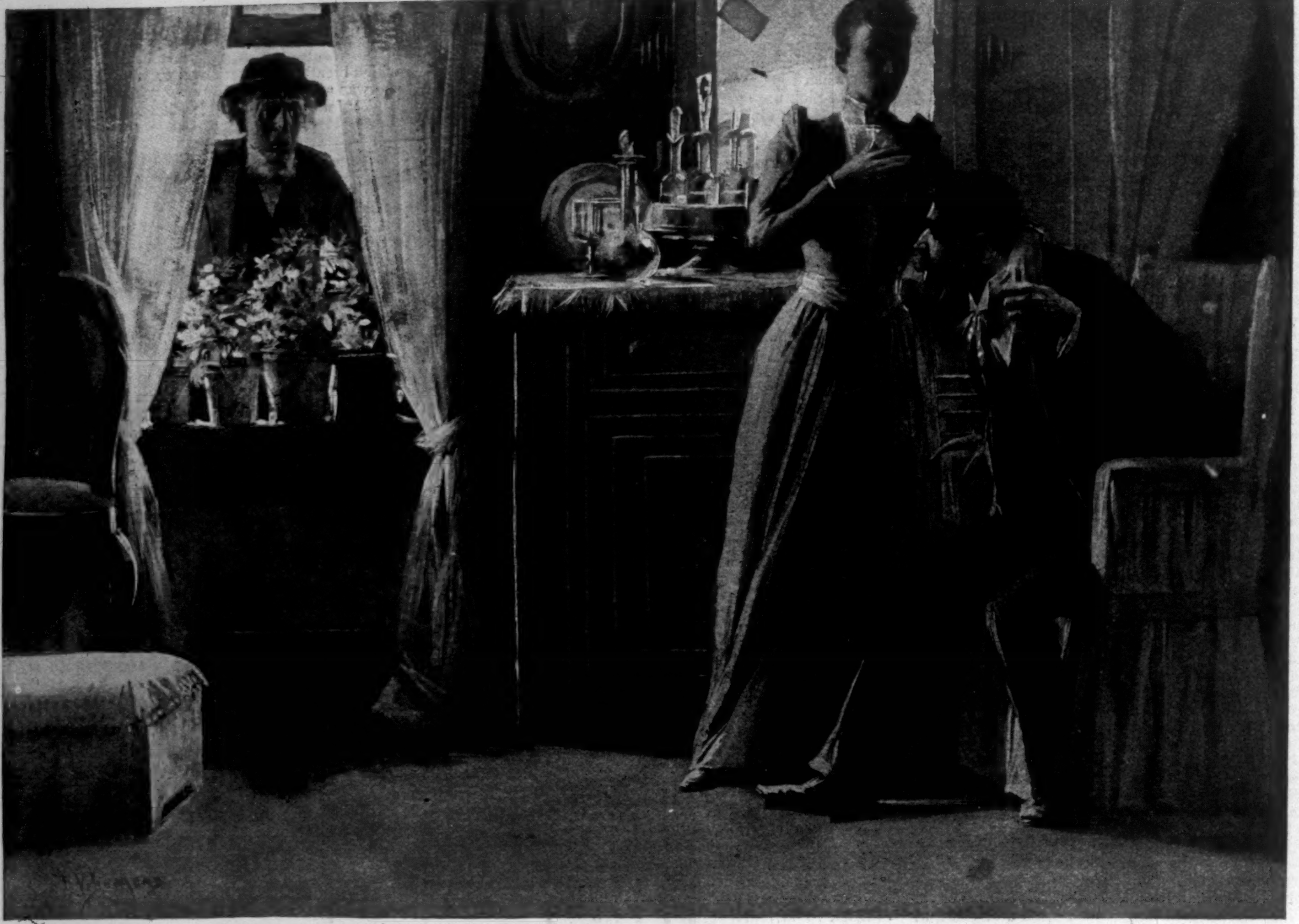
"Tell him you are going to marry me," said Delk, feeling a benignant sense of gratification as Rosetta, too artless to conceal her happiness, whispered,

"Oh, Delk!"

Her love, on the whole, had afforded Bylands rather a tame pleasure. She gave too liberally. All her young soul called him master, and becoming used to her prostrations, Delk found them rather tiresome than otherwise. In a languid sort of way, however, he was fond of Rosetta, and had reconciled himself to some lack of flavor in her on the ground that her insipidity was the natural result of her sex.

Woman to Bylands was less a fascinating enigma than a purely human creature of moderate rationality. He believed that in having domestic tastes and a mild temper she fulfilled her highest possibility; and even when he found Sylvia charming, it was because he considered that he detected in her the virtues by which he set store. It had soon become very plain to him that she affected him as no one else had ever affected him. She made him see himself in the image he liked to be known by, and when he left her, it was always with an enrapt remembrance not of her graciousness, but of his own brilliancy.

Sylvia herself, from expecting little of him in a way of intelligence, grew daily more surprised at the amount of knowledge which an impressionable man gets without exertion. It was true that he had only a desultory acquaintance with the literature of his age, the Cincinnati and coun-



"THE WINDOW FRAMED A MAN'S FACE....THE FACE OF OLD BOB VALLEY."

ty papers being his chief reading, with occasional light novels, which, he admitted, had lost charm for him. Sylvia's book-fraught phraseology passed with him for coin of fresh mintage, while his familiarity with trees and stones and woodland creatures seemed to her the evidence of a peculiarly alert intellect.

Sure of her footing, she studied with warm interest the contrarieties of Bylands's character, which did not adjust itself to any one set of facts, but remained pliant to circumstance, and took ever new shape with the die of the hour. She gave him her pet authors to read, and his comments on these choice and master spirits had a singular freshness of criticism. He remarked of Browning that the poet seemed to strike it once in a while. Tolstoï he reported himself as unable to get the drift of. Swinburne he considered "too windy," but liked notwithstanding this fault, because one could read him a long time without thinking of anything in particular.

"I am tired," said Sylvia to her uncle, "of having to form the literary taste of every man I meet. Is my effort typically that of the American woman? She sits at home and reads, and when she comes upon the male of her race, who has been sedulously looking after his business matters, no talk except of the weather is possible. She will not discuss percentage; he cannot discuss letters; but his incapacity is at least bridged with a willingness to be informed, and so she floods him with printers'-ink phantasies. She throws over the balcony of the classics a rope-ladder too slim and too short for him, but he mounts as far as he can, and hangs helpless, having lost his own ground without reaching hers. Then she retires in disgust, leaving him dangling. Instead of national realities she adopts alien ideals, and if a stocky Englishman or a deep-dyed Italian chances along—"

"The American ain't in it," concluded the captain.

Despite his failure to run out of the mould just as she would have liked, Bylands continued to occupy Sylvia's thoughts. They were much together, and presently drifted into the veiled emotional state where the sentiments are an inevitable topic of discussion. They talked often of the vast number of unhappy marriages.

"It is because so few women have minds above small-beer," said Sylvia.

Delk eagerly agreed with this, thinking of Rosetta, but added, thinking of himself, that things would be different if more men could understand the exquisite delicacy of the womanly nature. He had learned this from Sylvia, but he believed it a part of his own observation, and uttered it with the emphasis of conviction.

His attitude of worship became necessary to Sylvia. It was pleasant to sit like an idol in the gala shrine of a man's adoration, knowing that one would take no hurt, however one's worshipper beat his brows against the marble pedestal.

She was not precisely aware how criticism lost footing as she and Bylands came upon a plane of mere feeling. The change was insensible to her, and Delk remained far more clearly aware of her conventional advantages than she was able to keep herself concerning his want of them.

Going now and then to see Rosetta, Bylands hoped she would resent his coldness, and give him the opportunity of release he was ashamed to ask. He had tacitly decided to leave his entanglement to the adjusting agency of time, but Rosetta's heart was so completely involved that though his neglect was open, she held fast by the broken threads of their intercourse, and would not give over hoping.

One day her aunt came to visit her, and took her to task.

"Look-a-here, Rosetty," she said, "that thar Delk Bylands ain't actin' square. I'd show him! You don't hev to put up with no such crawfishin'. Look at you, a-spindlin' and pinin' till you're mighty nigh scrawny ez a picked buzzard! He jest wheedles round thet skite of a Bylands gyrl the hull 'jurin' time. Your cousin Tom is fightin' mad about it."

Rosetta wept. Her aunt, a weazen old woman, with colorless eyes and a mouth which seemed the hub of a hundred divergent wrinkles, drew the big helpless girl to her black cashmere bosom.

"Now you jest quit it, Rosetty!" she admonished. "He'll come around all right if you turn in p'intedly and riddle him well. He's too sure of you. Show him two kin play fast and loose. Take up some other feller; thet 'll fetch him! He needs pokin'. You can't tell how high a toad 'll jump till you punch it."

"Oh, Aunt Mag, I—"

"Jest haul him over the coals, Rosetty."

"I can't," sobbed Rosetta, with the hopeless abandonment of a woman to whom life, virtue, and God are encompassed in a single affection.

"I'll bet I'd speak my mind to thet Bylands gyrl, then!"

"'Tain't her fault," protested Rosetta. "Mrs. Lichens says she speaks to him real sharp; and once when he was eating at the house, Sylvia says to him to quit talkin' with his mouth full. She's real short with Delk, Mrs. Lichens says."

"Thar's more ways of killin' a dog than to choke him on hot butter," commented Mrs. Crew, grimly.

"I'm going to read some," cut in Rosetta, "and get me a dress that drags a little smitch in the back." She dried her eyes with the hem of her skirt. "I'm better-lookin' than her."

"Well, I should remark!"

"And when he sees how differ'nt I'm going to be, he'll be like he used to."

Mrs. Crew sniffed suspiciously. "You better quit fallin' off the way you hev lately," she advised, with an anxious eye on Rosetta's waning curves and accelerated color.

Life in these June days was beating Rosetta with a harsh surf, but it flowed smoothly enough for Sylvia, who had aimlessly adjusted herself to a primitive environment, finding a certain half-pleasurable tranquillity in the irresponsible bearing of the hour. A sort of spiritual mediævalism had darkened about her, in which only voices of nature spoke. It appeared impossible to look toward ultimate issues. She hardly knew if she wished Delk free of his vows to Rosetta. His love was very agreeable. It lifted the sunk surface of her days to a graceful fulness; but she had now and then an inkling notion that only his fervency commended him, and that in its suspension there would be nothing to bridge over his insufficiency.

She had an idea that when matters came to an actual crisis, she would brace herself to a heroic pose, and, wearing a black gown, a cross at her throat, would give him back to his forsworn allegiance. She would perhaps, in a broken voice, admit having loved him. Indeed, at the idea of giving him up she was sure of her regard, and the strength of her persuasion amazed and delighted her.

She maintained her drifting policy, tacitly letting Bylands hope that once his affairs were settled, she would sit down with him under a green-wood tree, content to drink life's waters out of a fresh leaf.

One morning Delk came striding down the road, and glancing at Sylvia's window, called her softly. She looked out. She had been brushing her hair, and her small pale face in the black masses was like a wedge of new moon in a separating cloud.

"Will you come down to the office a minute?" he asked.

When she appeared in the room below, he began to apologize. "I only wanted to see you for an instant," he said. "The day felt empty. I felt like I used to feel before I knew you loved me."

Sylvia drew back, a look of anger in her eyes.

"I have offended you," cried Bylands, bitterly. "Sylvia, why is it that you resent it so if I speak of your caring for me? You let me feel that my love for you is something to you. Surely—"

"Don't," said Sylvia. "Don't go into the matter. Love is an airy bubble. Don't touch it, unless you want it to break."

"Sylvia," he exclaimed, in a kind of anguish, "I wish you wouldn't talk like that. A bubble? It's a good deal thicker and heavier than the earth is."

His hat was off, and he questioned her face with a sort of piteous helplessness which lent him an intimation of immortal youth, and made Sylvia feel old.

His mournfulness, the beauty of his proportion, struck warmly on her heart. She was sensible of the romantic implication of the moment, of her own look of graceful calm as she folded her hands in the long sleeves of her white gown, sprinkled over with a conceit of purple thistles.

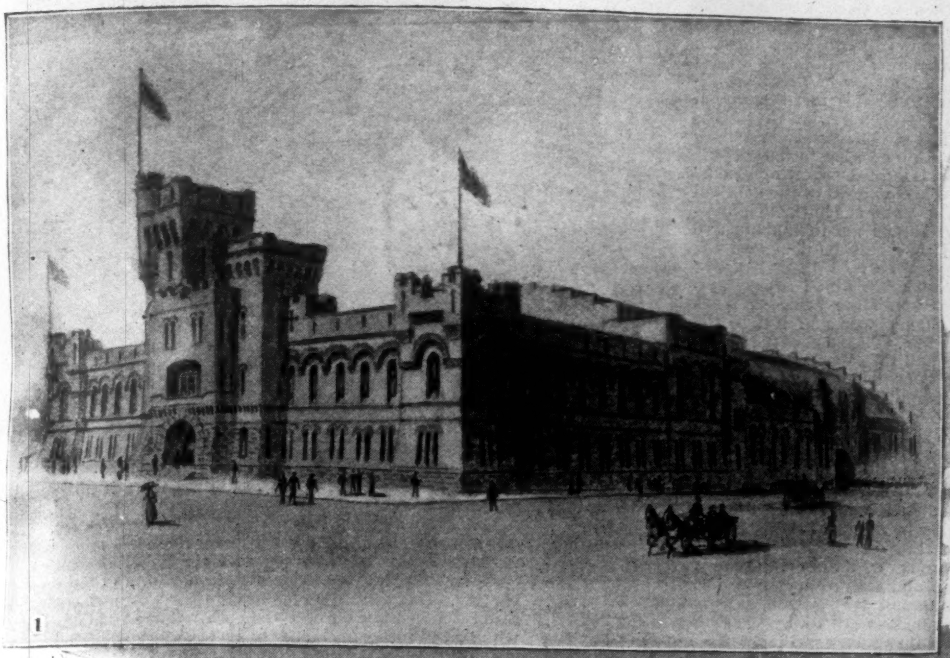
Her pleasure was not the simple sort which is unaccompanied by cognizance, but it had that lucid if less delight that depends on a thorough appreciation of values. She told herself explicitly that this was the thing which poets rhyme. A strip of sunlit grass glimpsing through the open window aided her impressions, and she observed with a clear vision a white cock haughtily pausing among some weeds across the road; his plumage airily stirring conveyed an idea of a great colorless flower couched on a low stalk, its texture changing in the sun.

The man before her, his look accurately corresponding to her feeling for the picturesque, put the last touch on the scene. Her face softened, the large-pupiled eyes gently lessening in size.

In the rear of the house was a clatter of tins mingled with threats and deprecations in the tones of Mrs. Lichens and Selesty. A bird hard by tried a thin, sweet note, which sounded as if he strained the August air slowly through shut bills.

Delk, taking Sylvia's hand, drew the arm about his neck, leaning his head upon it. She looked down at him with a sort of abstracted tenderness. She was goading imagination, watching her heart for thrills, reminding herself of men who had died for a touch of their mistresses' lips. Her eyes dreamed. She leaned against his shoulder, her spirit floating in a world of visions. And then, on a sudden, Bylands saw a strange expression leap to her face. Her glance sprung wide, as with an alarming sight, and wheeling rapidly to follow that straining gaze, Bylands himself grew white and sat staring. The window framed a man's face, gray and stern as it moved silently away—the face of old Bob Valley.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]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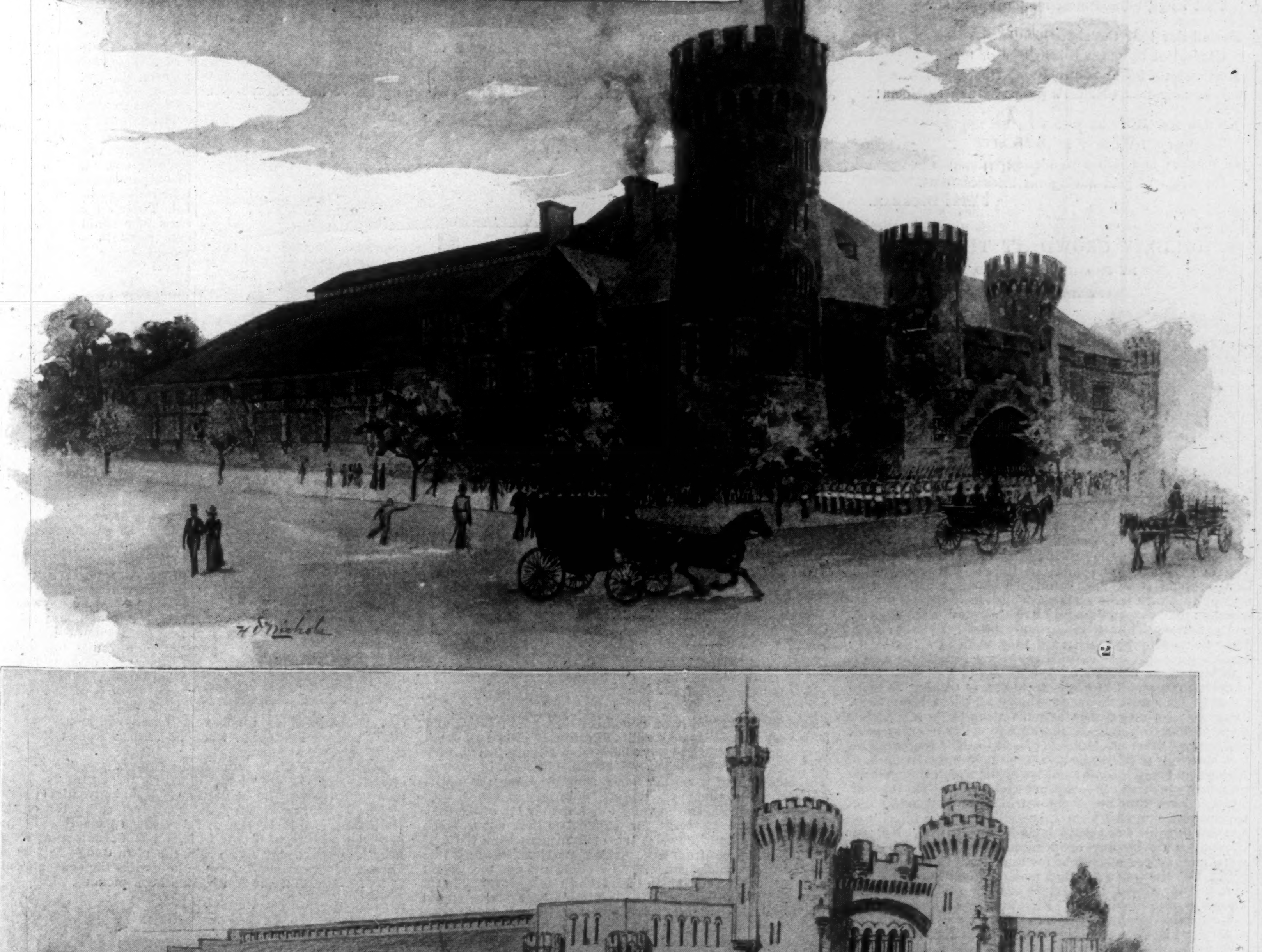
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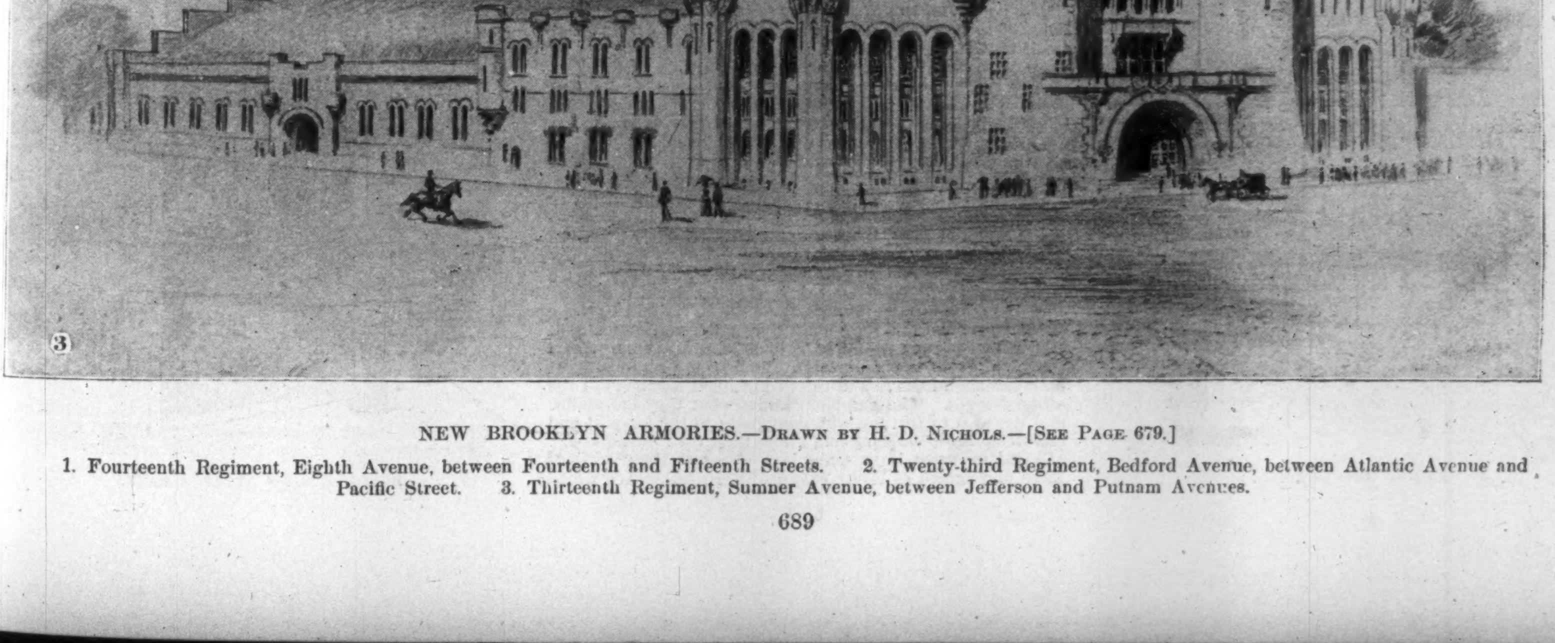
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NEW BROOKLYN ARMORIES.—Drawn by H. D. Nichols.—[See Page 679.]

1. Fourteenth Regiment, Eighth Avenue, between Fourteenth and Fifteenth Streets. 2. Twenty-third Regiment, Bedford Avenue, between Atlantic Avenue and Pacific Street. 3. Thirteenth Regiment, Sumner Avenue, between Jefferson and Putnam Avenues.

THE ABBEY GARDEN.

SET round with myrtle hedge and sheltering box
The ancient abbey garden sleeps;
Its paths are fringed with speedwell and with phlox,
And o'er the moss-clad wall the ivy creeps.

Unshorn it lies there, like some lazy monk
Who slumbers o'er his half-told beads;
The very flow'rs, with heads in slumber sunk,
Heed not the bee that on their nectar feeds.

No longer here with meditative feet
The father prior slowly walks,
Or cons his missal where yon garden-seat
Peeps out among the rank-grown yarrow stalks.

Where once the nodding tulip in the dust
Drew wavering circles to and fro,
The leaves of grass their sturdy spears upthrust,
And wax full height and bearded harvests grow.

No clanging bell shakes down the hawthorn flow'rs,
Or friars' mass-floats o'er the close;
The bees alone sing masses in these bow'rs,
And 'gainst the wall the tapping laurel blows.

Perchance by moonlight ghosts in cowl and stole
Float noiseless, aimless, here and there,
Each saying masses for his own sad soul,
That longs, unransomed, for the upper air.

But all day long the abbey garden lies
Unplagued by ghost from grave or tomb,
Most sweet with homely old-time fragrances,
Like dear Dan Chaucer's poems sprung to bloom!

All day the bee bears pollen on his thighs,
To change for honey in the mart
Of flow'rs; and wilful wandering butterflies
On wings of gold among the blossoms dart.

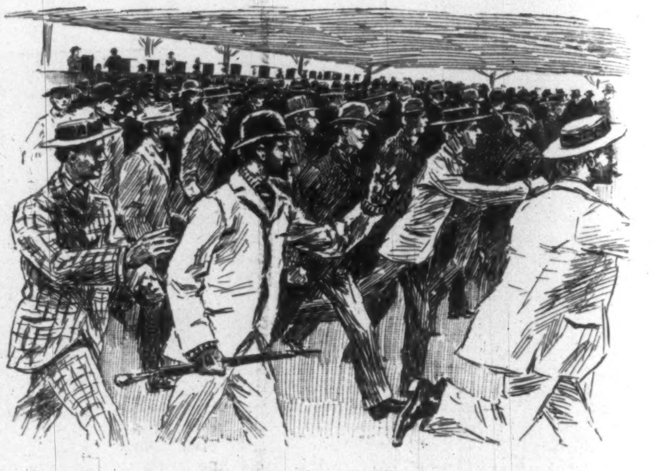
JAMES BUCKHAM.

A HOLIDAY CROWD AT THE RACES.

BY JNO. GILMER SPEED.

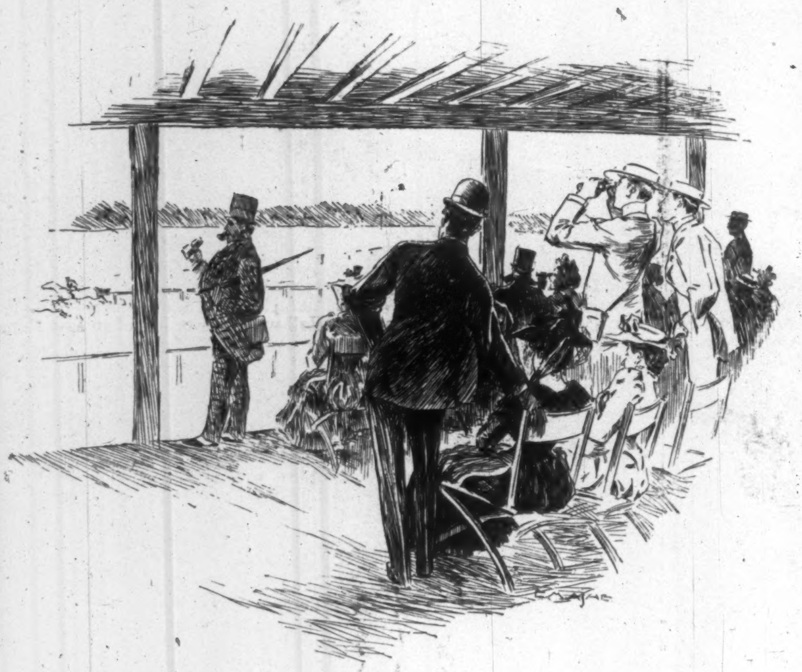
FRENCH and other Continental critics have long maintained that the English take their pleasures sadly; and there is justice in this criticism from the Continental standpoint. But compared with the Americans, the English are absolutely hilarious when on pleasure bent. Certainly, one who had carefully observed a holiday crowd at a race-course in America would arrive at this conclusion. The Fourth of July is our most universal holiday, and the Monmouth Park Jockey Club at Long Branch is our greatest race-course; and therefore a study of the crowd at that place on that day should enable one to arrive at something like a just conclusion. In the grand stand and about the grounds and betting-ring of this very large racing establishment there were assembled that day some thirty-five thousand men, women, and children. They were certainly most serious-looking. They behaved very much as if they were at a funeral or participating in some other very solemn function. And it may be that the whole thing was solemn to a great majority of those present. There was nothing gay to him who persistently bet upon the wrong horse and lost his money. There was nothing particularly diverting to those who left home at nine o'clock in the morning for a day of enjoyment, and saw no prospect of getting back to their roof-trees before eleven at night, while meantime they must sit on hard benches and watch contests of speed for which they did not care, and which also they did not understand. On this particular occasion the horses upon which the rank and file of bettors placed money were losers, and therefore hilarity on account of gains was conspicuous by its absence. Nor was it pumped up by any artificial means; for though there were ample accommodations for the thirsty to quench their thirst, I did not see a drunken man during all the long day.

A holiday crowd at the races may be divided into four classes, each quite distinct. First are those who decide that a race-course would be as good as any other place to spend a holiday and take an outing. This class does not particularly care for the racing, and doubtless few there are among the class who understand the sport. Then are those who have become enamoured of the betting, but whose daily occupations ordinarily keep them in town. To this class a race-track is a most bewildering place, for their infrequent visits enable them to be only half acquainted with the rules of procedure; but they needs must seem to feel at home to preserve their reputation as being of what in the graphic slang of the day is termed "sporting blood." The third class is composed of the habitual race-goers. These number in the neighborhood of New York, I am told, about five thousand, and they may be depended on, rain or shine, hot or cold, in defiance of wind and weather, to attend every race-meeting where books are made or pools are sold and money won and lost to the music of flying feet. Then comes the fourth and last class, and this class goes far towards leavening the whole loaf, for this class consists of genuine lovers of races—men, and women too, who enjoy the contests of horses against horses for the sake of the races, for the sake of the tests of speed and courage and endurance, and who no more need to stimulate their interest in the sport by laying wagers on the result than a healthy appetite needs to be coaxed with a cocktail when dinner is announced.



"THEY'RE OFF!"

The first of these classes is not particularly interesting. The greater number of those composing it are rather bored than otherwise, and they return home tired out with the long journeys to and fro and the waits between the races, when the book-makers are taking the money of the bettors, and the horses themselves receiving the finishing touches previous to the short fierce struggle for supremacy. The second class of holiday race-goers is most important, for it is upon them that the injury is done by the modern mania for betting in the pool-rooms. This class is composed of men and boys who must work hard day by day, and except when all labor is suspended, as on a general holiday, have no opportunity to see the races, of which they think by day and dream by night. But on a holiday they go in force, and help very materially to swell the ordinary crowd of from five to ten thousand to anywhere from twenty-five to fifty thousand. This class has no genuine interest in racing. The members of it neither know nor care about the merits of the contesting horses. The one all-impelling motive with them is to gamble and to win—to get money for which they have given no equivalent, for which they have not worked. To accommodate this class the book-makers have reduced the minimum bet from five to two dollars, and through this means these gaudy ruffians, who chalk up not too liberal odds against the starters in the various races, get many hard-earned dollars which had the minimum been larger would not have been ventured; and many dollars, no doubt, too, that are needed at the homes of these tempters of fortune to clothe and feed those who are not yet bread-winners. This class is composed to a great extent of junior clerks and office-boys, of artisans and petty shop-keepers, wage-earners and small tradesmen, who at best sail very close into the eye of wind, with scant margin for a closer tack. This class of late, since pool-rooms have been kept open winter and summer in many of the larger cities, and in New York particularly, has grown to be very large, and from it are drawn the greater number of those petty defaulters and embezzlers of whom in police-court records we hear so frequently, and whose honor's epitaph is, "He followed the races."



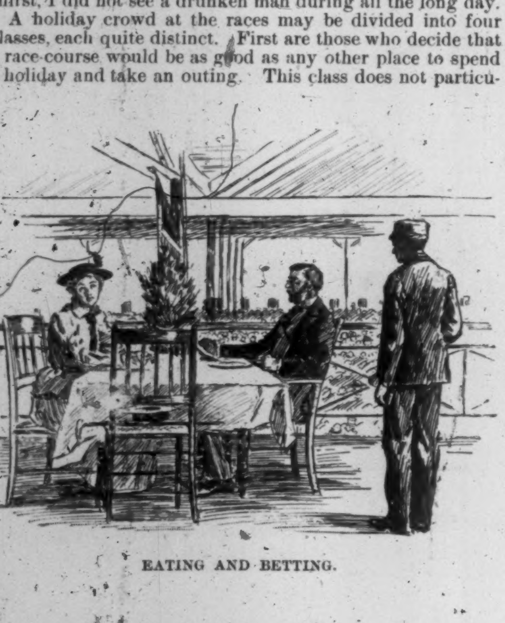
ON THE CLUB-HOUSE VERANDA.

The third class is interesting, and is composed of many elements; but the members of this class touch shoulders so frequently and have interests so nearly akin that for the present purpose they may be considered as being of only two kinds. One section consists of men with money—with fortunes, perhaps—and the other of professional gamblers. The first section must necessarily be the larger and stronger of the two, for if this were not so, the game would soon end. The sinews of war would be exhausted unless there was a constant flow of new money into the betting-ring to support both the book-makers and the professional gamblers of the other degrees. The gamblers know what they are about, and the men of fortune who contribute to the support and maintenance of the gamblers know their own business too. It is of no great importance how either of these sections fares, and except as to the ethics of the relation, for which there is at present no space to discuss, there is no special public interest.

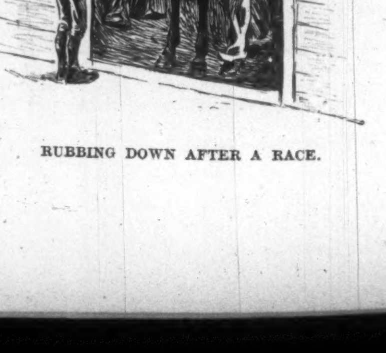
The last class must be spoken of with entire respect. Its members consist of genuine lovers of the horse, and usually they take an interest in breeding, and are fond of seeing the contests which prove the merits of one strain of blood over another. They are students too in their way, and know the stud-book as a lawyer does the code. The casual observer, who had even got so far as to recognize the classes herein pointed out, would doubtless conclude that those of this fourth class were pretty nearly all old men—men whose blood was no longer hot, and in whose veins no riots ran. But this is not so. A lover of racing for its own sake, if he happen not to be the owner of a racing-stable, is not conspicuous; he is not a personage on the turf, and it is long before he attracts any attention. Very naturally his hair gets gray before he becomes known. As he does not "plunge" in the betting-ring, no one chronicles his opinions. He is left in inconspicuousness, and for it he is doubtless very grateful. There are many of this class who could prognosticate races in a way that would make the professional "tipster" green with envy. Their opinions are unbiassed by interest and uninfluenced by the betting. But few of them can ever be induced to express an opinion that can be utilized for speculative purposes. In such opinions the professionals have a monopoly.

This particular racing crowd on the Fourth of July not only saw most excellent sport, but the accommodations for seeing it at this place are unequalled in all the world. The grand stand is at once the largest and most comfortable, the restaurant and betting-room below are more easily approached, and the races themselves are seen with less effort than anywhere else. The club-house, where fashion secludes itself, is not picturesque, but it affords an opportunity to see what is going on that is not usual in such places. And the paddock, in which one can see the finishing touches put on a horse just before he starts, and see him again when he returns from victory or defeat, is close at hand.

Monmouth Park is near Long Branch, and the picturesqueness of the crowd was aided by the costumes of the men and women who came thence in unconventional garb—that is, wearing apparel not usually seen in the cities. Here there would be a man in yachting flannels and cap; here, one who seemed only to have left a tennis-court for a brief half-hour; and here, again, the ultra dude—he who is always unconventional, because he carries the conventional to its furthest extreme and becomes conspicuous.



EATING AND BETTING.



RUBBING DOWN AFTER A RACE.

AMATEVR · SPORT

It is too bad Mr. Rogers's sportsmanship in sending the *Wasp* over to Marblehead for the Eastern Yacht Club's races could not have been rewarded by a meeting with either *Gloriana* or *Harpoon*. Neither of these boats are yet in commission, however, and the Fife cutter *Barbara* was the only one of the 46-footers to sail against Herreshoff's latest addition to the class. The result of the meeting shows that the *Barbara* has improved greatly on her last year's form, but the *Wasp* won from her easily by nearly twenty minutes, and was handled very cleverly. *Wasp* also won the Puritan Cup for best time over the course. *Barbara* last year did very little to attract attention, save in the New York Yacht Club's races off Newport, when she really sailed very well, though by no means holding *Gloriana*. All efforts to get a line on the *Wasp* appear futile, and we must wait for an actual meeting between her and the other two cracks, *Gloriana* and *Harpoon*, which will not be for some weeks yet. We likewise impatiently await the reappearance of *Alborak*. *Marguerite* defeated her old rivals *Mayflower* and *Merlin* handsomely, doing some fine work to windward.

F. F. OLMSTEAD, 105 lbs.—Coxswain Yale's Crew.

The "Wasp's" best work thus far was her performance in the Seawanhaka-Corinthian's (July 2d) regatta, when she went over the long course in fifteen minutes faster time than any of the large schooners. That means she is a marvellously fast boat, for Ralph N. Ellis's 90-footer, *Iroquois*, is by no means slow, as her making better time than either *Montauk* or *Miranda* proved.

J. Maitland Kersey's *El Chico* and Oswald Sanderson's *Pyxie* had another contest to decide the faster of the new 25-raters, and *El Chico* again won. Mr. Sanderson's alterations in his boat, hollow mast, etc., were to some purpose, as this time the *El Chico* won by a little less than six minutes, instead of fifteen as in the last race. There appears to be no question, however, that the Herreshoff model is much the faster in good sailing weather, and nothing more surely convinces even the untutored that such is the case than the fact that Gardiner, the designer of the *Pyxie*, has been incorporating some of the Herreshoff ideas in his most recent productions. Witness the new 90-foot schooner *Alcæa* with her *Gloriana-Wasp* bow. It is possible the *Pyxie* would defeat *El Chico* in a drifting match, but under no other conditions. *Nameless* and *Smuggler*, of last year's fame, appear to be outclassed this year; only one of them, the first, has shown up, and then failed to accomplish anything.

In the Larchmont regatta, July 4th, the *Iroquois* made her best performance this season. She quickly took the lead, walking right away from her class, with only the *Wasp* to bear her company. The latter sailed fast, but not equal her form in the Seawanhaka regatta; while the old *Forget-me-not*, handled very skilfully, did astonishingly well for her, and came within five minutes (corrected time) of *Wasp* in crossing the line. The old *Dauntless* was all alone in her glory, and sailed a good race, while *Pyxie* had a walk-over in the 20-rater class.

The Corinthian Yacht Club of New York deserved a larger entry list for their races, but the contest between *Yampa* and *Alert* furnished excellent sport. It was the *Yampa's* maiden race, and she gave evidence of being worthy all the good things that have been said of her. She is a handsome boat, and looks as though she must be as seaworthy as she is beautiful. It is gratifying that at least one club has sportsmanship enough to give a race for cruisers, but it does not redound to the credit of our yachtsmen that this club's efforts should not be rewarded by a greater display in the several classes. The experience of this season has not been satisfactory to yachtsmen, who do not care to own mere racing machines, and yet enjoy the zest of good racing. Up to date the yachting season of '92 has not been a great success.

There has been an annual stir—more or less a newspaper stir, be it confessed—every year since '87 over the prospect of an English yacht coming over to race for the *America's* Cup, and each year, after a few day's exploitation, the commotion has given place to the usual peacefulness that characterizes international yachting matters on this side of the Atlantic. The same old "if," as applying to rescinding the dimensions clause in the Deed of Gift, is always the stumbling-block, and has become a veritable *bête noire* to American yachtsmen. This year the stir is without foundation, for no challenge has been sent, and even had one been received and accepted, no race would be held until '93. But the prospect for an international race is very gloomy. The Englishmen declare positively they will never race under the present Deed of Gift, with its dimensions clause compelling them to give away all the measurements of their boat ten months in advance of the race, and those members of the New York Yacht Club who have the matter in charge are equally positive in declaring that the dimensions clause shall remain. To the outside yachtsman—in fact, to any sportsman—it looks as though the N. Y. Y. C. committee, having taken this position, was determined to hold it, despite the consequences. However, as the races have always been arranged between two or three men on each side, it is possible that some contingency, of which none outside the innermost circle are informed, may have demanded this "obnoxious clause." Whatever the cause, the fact remains that yachting on both sides the Atlantic is suffering from the deadlock.

Even if an international yacht-race seems to be out of the question, it is very comforting to know that a Yankee fin-keel, the Herreshoff *Wenonah*, is walking away with all the prizes in her class in British waters.

The Invitation Tournament of the Country Club of Westchester was not quite so brilliant an event as it has been in previous years, but nevertheless some good play was shown in the early rounds, and the final matches, which were played too late for comment in this issue, were certain to be exciting contests. The courts were unfortunately in poor condition, and the entry list contained the names of only two men to whom the critics were unanimous in according a place among the first ten last year. This was partially atoned for by the presence of Wrenn—the Harvard expert—E. L. Hall, Richard Stevens, R. V. Beach, and C. E. Sands, all of whom are likely to earn very honorable positions in the ranking of the current year. A welcome and unexpected addition to the list was R. P. Huntington, Jun., who had enjoyed little or no practice, but who, like Hovey at Newton, seemed to catch on very readily. In his very first match he defeated A. E. Wright, a player who has competed in all of the tournaments of the spring, and of the winter as well. In his second match he met Richard Stevens, and captured the first set after the score was at five love against him—a remarkable feat, and especially so against such a steady man as Stevens. It would please every one to see Huntington come to the front once more, and make a good bid for the All Comers.

The dashing style of Wrenn at times excited the enthusiasm of the spectators, and reminded me very much of Quincy Shaw, also a brilliant left-handed player, who represented Harvard creditably for several years. The match between Wrenn and E. L. Hall was the great feature of the second day's play, and many thought it would decide the ownership of the first prize. Both of the players were young, but showed good head-work. Hall won the first two sets, and Wrenn just as coolly took the next two. At this point I thought that the Harvard representative surely had the upper hand, but Hall showed his mettle, and won six straight games. Throughout the match Hall proved himself a little the better of the two in every point except the service. Wrenn served far better than any other player in the tournament.

It was entirely in accord with the expectation of spectators that Stevens and Hall should meet in the finals to contest the Country Club Cup, but that Eddie Hall should be beaten by Stevens—4–6, 6–3, 2–6, 6–1, 6–1—was considerable of a surprise even to those who have always had a high appreciation of Stevens's very tireless and steady back-court game. Mr. Stevens has shown such good placing in this tournament that it would not be surprising if he made a very strong bid for honors with the best in the country later in the season. Every match that he has played at the Country Club previous to the one with Hall was more or less of an easy thing for him. He beat Huntington on Friday, 7–9, 6–3, 1–6, 6–2; and Eddie Hall beat C. E. Sands still more easily in 6–0, 6–4, 6–0. Mr. Huntington's form, considering that he has not had a racquet in his hand for upwards of a year, was very good, and his game with Hall, although decided against him, furnished probably the most brilliant tennis of the day. The game between Stevens and Sands was hardly exciting, as it provided the old battledoor and shuttlecock game, which is very slow, and not calculated to interest the spectators. The final record in games won and lost gives:

	Won.	Lost.
Richard Stevens	5	..
E. L. Hall	4	1
R. D. Wrenn	4	1
C. E. Sands (out)	1	2
R. P. Huntington, Jun. (out)	1	2
R. V. Beach (out)	1	2
A. E. Wright (out)	..	2
L. R. Parker (out)	..	2
Deane Miller (out)	..	2

The tournament was conducted on the plan which was so successful last year—any player suffering two defeats being retired.

The crushing defeat of C. E. Sands by Richard Stevens, at Orange, once more changes the ownership of the Middle States Championship Cup. This cup certainly has a history which renders it more valuable than any other sectional championship trophy. Won originally by R. L. Buckman in 1886, it has passed successfully through the hands of E. P. MacMullen, H. A. Taylor, and C. E. Sands into those of Richard Stevens, where it will remain for the present year. Sands might possibly have won against Stevens had he adopted different tactics, but having practised much with his adversary, and fearing his well-known skill in "passing," he declined to go to the net, and in consequence was defeated in three straight sets. In the doubles, Hobart and E. P. MacMullen, who played together some years ago, showed remarkably good teamwork, and won easily. This pair would do well at Saratoga, but I understand that Hobart wishes to devote himself entirely to singles.

The New England players who took part in the invitation tournament of the Neighborhood Club of Newton, Massachusetts, were probably somewhat chagrined when Hovey came almost straight from the baseball field, and, without preliminary practice, wrested the prize from all of them. The tournament was modelled after those annually given by the Nahant and Westchester clubs, each contestant playing against every other. Hovey showed his lack of practice in the first match, and lost it to M. G. Chace; but thereafter he continually improved, and by the end of the tournament, when he easily won the tie for first prize from Chace, he was showing almost as good a game as last summer. It speaks well for his championship chances that, handicapped as he was, he should win this tournament from such good men as M. G. Chace, R. D. Wrenn, Hugh Tallant, R. V. Beach, and A. E. Wright.

The English Championship in singles has been successfully defended by W. Baddeley, but the Baddeley Brothers lost their title in the doubles to Barlow and Lewis. The player who won the All Comers, and gave Baddeley a close fight for the championship, was Pim, the same man with whom Campbell played a good match in the tournament for the northern championship some weeks ago. I may have been remiss, but in the cables concerning the English championship I have been unable to find any reference to Ernest Renshaw, to whom all hands were conceding the championship only a short time ago. He must have been defeated in one of the early rounds. In the doubles Campbell played with G. W. Hilliard, and they were defeated in the first round by Barlow and Lewis. It is true that the latter pair afterwards won the championship, but even that fact does not serve to explain why Campbell and his partner should secure only two games in three sets.

Ollie Campbell's entering the Wimbleton tennis tournament and placing himself on equal terms with English players of all ranks, as he did, must always be regarded as a great mistake. It will be remembered the Englishmen insisted earlier in the season, when Campbell talked of challenging their champion, that their championship represented the world's, and that any player desiring to meet the English champion must enter that tournament and earn the right by working his way through the long entry list. While there can be no question that the English players, as a rule, will average much higher than ours, there can be equally no question that the American champion at any game is entitled to recognition in any country, and Mr. Campbell should have sustained the dignity of the title he bore, and not permitted his desire to meet the Englishman to run away with his better judgment. We should certainly not have expected the English champion, if he came to this country, to enter the tournament at Newport and win his way to the All-Comers Cup. We should feel that the very fact of his having won the English championship entitled him to a separate match with our champion, and I am at a loss to see on what ground the Englishmen could argue to the contrary, so far as Mr. Campbell is concerned. Better no match at all rather than one under conditions to lower our dignity.

The present week of the lawn-tennis season is notable in one respect—there are no less than six tournaments being played in different parts of the country, under the auspices of the National Association. The most interesting of these will be the Invitation Tournament at Tuxedo, where most of the players who have been competing at Westchester will again meet, and attempt to wrest the challenge bowl from its present holder, E. L. Hall.

The first game for the Alden Cup between the polo teams of the Country Club of Westchester and the Morris County Country Club at Cedarhurst last week resulted in the defeat of the New Jersey players, 10½ goals to 6. The playing of Westchester was very good; in fact, they showed the best team-work of any club this year, although their ponies gave evidence of the trip from Philadelphia. Havemeyer played a remarkably clever game, seemingly always on the ball, and Mr. Stowe, the English player, who has recently been added to the Westchester force, proved himself a very valuable acquisition. The Morris County men played hard to the very end of the game, but they showed the need of a number one. Nichol, Day, and Lord are three as clever players as any team has, and if they are successful in getting a good man at number one, they will make a team strong enough to push the best in the association. They have been greatly handicapped in this respect, and it will probably result in putting Mr. Henderson in at back, and putting Day at number one. The men are well mounted, and once they get together will make a hot contest for the championship later in the season. The Westchester men have made great improvement over last year in their team play.

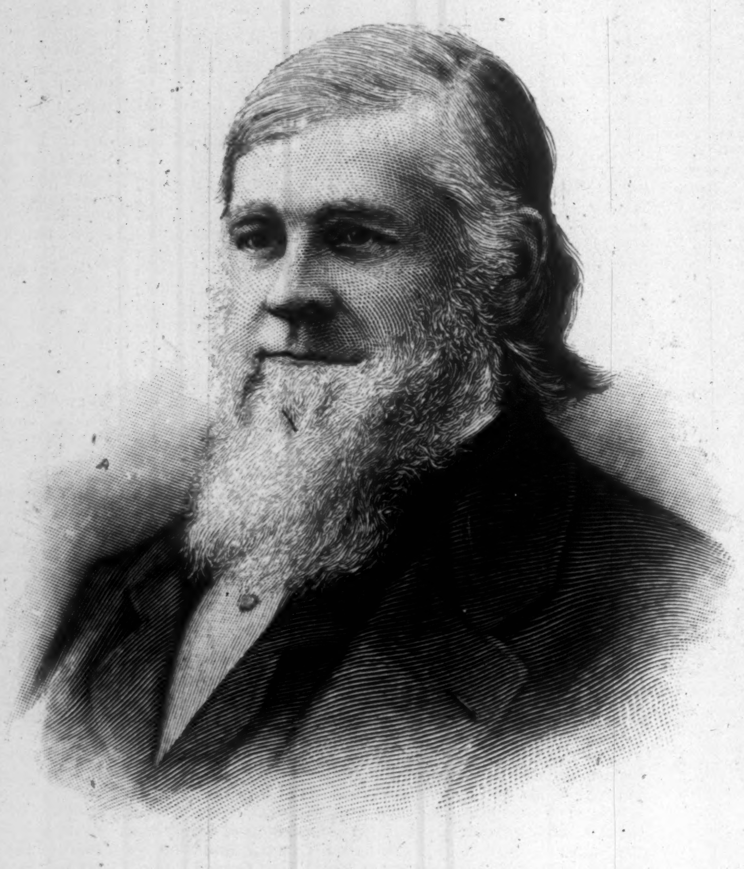
The Westchester-Meadowbrook game on Thursday was the strongest exemplification of the argument that has been made in this department against the matches at different places following one another so rapidly. The ponies of the Westchester men on Thursday were simply worn out. Their trip to and from Philadelphia, and the hard day's play on Tuesday, had left them wellnigh worthless for Thursday. The consequence was that although the men played hard, they were never in the game from beginning to end. Mr. Stowe was especially badly mounted, and would have been almost as effective if he had been on foot. Added to this was the fact that neither Mr. Bates nor Mr. Stowe played so well as usual, and the final score of 15½ to 5½ goals in favor of Meadowbrook was not at all surprising. Havemeyer at times played very brilliantly, and again at critical moments made some very bad misses. Mr. Potter put up a hard steady game. As for the Meadowbrooks, I don't think I ever saw them play, individually, a more brilliant game. The playing of Mr. Belmont especially was extremely hard and clever. He rode like a fiend, and seemed always to be just where he should be. Mr. Bird also played a beautiful game, and R. D. Winthrop was not very far behind him. Edgerton Winthrop showed a tremendous improvement over his last year's form, and did some good work. The team play of the Meadowbrooks was vastly inferior to the individual play of the members; in fact, it was rather poor, and if the Westchester men had been better mounted, it is not at all unlikely that their superior team-work would have won them the day. Although characterized by a brilliant individual play, the match by no means exhibited high-class polo.

The final match for the Alden Cup on Saturday between the Meadowbrook and Rockaway teams at Cedarhurst furnished play even more exciting than these two clubs are always sure to provide. The heavy rain had made the field slippery, and the game was lacking therefore in many of the quick, brilliant plays that characterized the work in the preceding Thursday's match. Meadowbrook had her full playing strength, and every man of them played as only they can play when pitted against Rockaway. Rockaway, on the other hand, was handicapped by one of its best players being absent, and another one, Mr. Cowdin, with an arm that had only just recovered from a recent fracture. The team play of either was not so good as Westchester has shown, but for fast and furious play, with brilliant individual effort, the game on Saturday has not been excelled this season. The score was, Rockaway, 14½ goals; the Meadowbrook, 14; but the match remains unsettled, as the latter has entered a protest. This week the scene of play is removed to Oyster Bay, where a number of old scores will be settled.

Caspar W. Whitney.

THEODORE WILLIAM DWIGHT.

There are many hundreds of successful lawyers in this country who, within the past thirty-five years, have received their degrees from the Columbia Law School. The rolls of the school held many a name that has since become famous in legal matters, especially in the State of New York, and the success and high standing of these men may be credited in a certain degree to the training they received under Professor Theodore W. Dwight. In 1858 Professor Dwight was invited by the trustees of Columbia College to co-operate with them in the formation of a Law School to be connected with the college, and since that time the school has gained a prominence which ranks it among the foremost of the country,, and to Professor Dwight is due the greatest credit. Until the first of last year the school was conducted upon what is called the "Dwight system." In February, 1891, Professor Dwight resigned from the head of the Law School, because of the introduction of the Harvard plan of study, which was taught by Professor Keener, who had come to Columbia from Harvard. This latter system was opposed to the methods of Professor Dwight, and was endorsed by President Low and the trustees of Columbia, in opposition to the wishes of the Warden. Upon his resignation, Professor Dwight was made professor emeritus. There was much discussion at the time, and two of the professors withdrew from the college and opened a new Law School in the city, which continues the old successful plan of study followed by Professor Dwight. This course was undertaken with the permission and approval of Professor Dwight, and many of the students of Columbia resigned to continue their studies under the old system.



THE LATE PROFESSOR THEODORE W. DWIGHT.—From a Photograph by Fredricks.

At the inception of the Columbia Law School, and when the first graduates were granted their diplomas, Professor Dwight had a stern fight to secure the admission of the young lawyers to practice at the bar, a law being in force at the time which operated to their disadvantage. A lawyer's office had been the school that had generally prepared young men for active practice, and the new methods of the Law School were opposed by many. But the law was so amended by the Legislature, and afterwards so ably argued before the Court of Appeals, that the new school won, and the graduates were admitted to the bar upon presentation of their diplomas. After this the school grew and flourished until Professor Dwight was made Warden, with a corps of able professors under him. During this time Professor Dwight was himself engaged in occasional active practice of the law, and he was appointed to a place in the Commission of Appeals which was formed in 1874 to further the labors of the Court of Appeals. The commission ended the year following, but within that time Professor Dwight gave many evidences of his high ability, and delivered many important opinions. The men who received their training under him hold many pleasant memories of the time, for both professor and student were always in accord, a state of things that contributed largely to the advancement of the school. The army of graduates held him in high honor and esteem, and the news of his death on June 29th was a shock to many. Professor Dwight died at his summer home at Clinton, New York, whither he went a fortnight before, the direct cause being heart trouble, brought on by rheumatism.

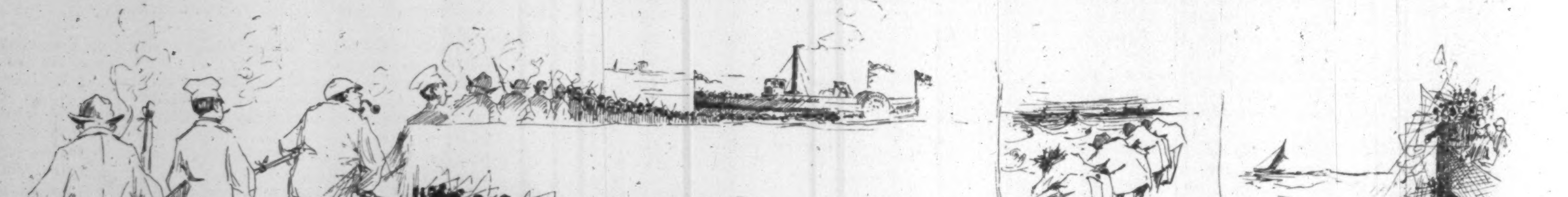
Theodore William Dwight came of an old family, his ancestor John Dwight having settled in Dedham, Massachusetts, in 1634. The name has been famous in New England, many of the family holding high positions. His grandfather, the late Rev. Dr. Timothy Dwight, was for many years President of Yale College, and his father, Benjamin W. Dwight, after studying medicine, settled down in Catskill, New York, devoting himself to commercial pursuits. Theodore W. Dwight was born there July 18, 1822, and at the age of fifteen entered the Sophomore class of Hamilton College, situated at Clinton, whither his father had removed. He graduated three years after at the head of his class, and pursued scientific studies in New York, under the eminent professors Morse and Draper. He then entered the Law School at Yale, and there exhibited his taste for the study of the law as exploited later in so able a manner at Columbia. At twenty-four years of age he became Professor of Law and Civil Polity at Hamilton College, and twelve years later came to Columbia, where the success of his life was achieved. In 1847 he was married to Miss Mary B. Olmstead, of Clinton, by whom he had three children, of which only one, a daughter, survives him, with his wife.

In State Charities, of which association he was Vice-President for many years, Professor Dwight was largely interested, and he also became President of the Prison Association. The marked advance of this organization, its emancipation from politics, and its good work are due a great deal to his efforts. Professor Dwight was on the committee of five who advanced the scheme for the founding of the Elmira Reformatory. He wrote much on legal matters, and was regarded as an authority. Holding many other positions of trust and honor, Professor Dwight has left behind an honorable record and many warm friends and admirers.

ELECTRICITY AT THE FAIR.

For untravelled Americans the most interesting feature of the Columbian Exposition at Chicago will be the Department of Electricity. I say for untravelled Americans. Those who have seen the ingenious devices of the practical electricians of France or the achievements of the Germans in heavy lifting and large machinery—in a word, those who have been abroad and have taken occasion to feel interested in the study of Continental progress in this fascinating branch of science—will not see many striking displays at the World's Fair exclusive of Mr. Edison's special exhibit. Herein even the visitors from France and Germany will come upon device that is extraordinary and experiments that are new. For Mr. Edison has promised to surpass himself in his special exhibit. But more of Edison's work anon.

The Department of Electricity will be conducted at a cost of more than $2,000,000 to the World's Fair corporation, and the expenses attendant on the displays of the visitors will aggregate more than $2,500,000. Thus the total of the cost in the electrical display and in the application of this force during the six months of the exposition will be in the neighborhood of $5,000,000; and with this vast sum it would certainly seem that no part should be lacking to make the department and its work a most successful affair. America and its electricians will be given the largest space, but the participation of foreign nations is assured. Dr. J. Allen Hornsby, the secretary of the department, went to Europe for the sole purpose of placing the exposition in a just light before



A DAY AT THE FISHING BANKS.—Drawn by Frank Ver Beck.—[See Page 694.]

the electricians abroad, and he returned with the most pleasant information concerning their earnest desires to leave nothing undone on their part. The nations that have engaged themselves to be represented and to which spaces have been allotted are France, Germany, England, Belgium, Switzerland, Austria, Italy, Spain, Holland, Denmark, Sweden, Russia, and Norway.

Of course, in the exhibitions offered by these various countries will be found much variety. For instance, the exhibits of France will show the artistic, ingenious, and scientific side of recent progress in electrical studies. The Germans will illustrate the application of electricity to the working of heavy machinery and the transference of power; England will offer a display similar in its general features to that of the United States; Belgium's display will be of the artistic and scientific order, like that of France; Switzerland will be an examplar of specialties, such as meters and mathematical devices; Austria's chief feature will be the application of the force to the uses of railroading; Italy's direction in electrical experiment has been toward fine testing instruments, and that of Spain has been toward the same end; Holland, Denmark, Sweden, and Norway will offer exhibits of the application of electricity to heavy machinery; and Russia's exhibit will embrace a lesson in invention. Mexico has engaged room for a display which will be of a general character.

The very ground on which the exposition is built will vibrate to the hum of electrical machinery, and at night the air will blaze with bright light springing into being through forces set at liberty by the subtle fluid. Illumination in ample quantity for the fifteen buildings will be furnished by 5000 arc lamps of 2000 candle-power each.

Vast as the exposition park is, it will be well illuminated with 1600 arc lamps of similar candle-power to those used in the illumination of the buildings. But there will be an addition to all this in the way of several search-lights to be placed at the tops of towers and high structures. The principal of these search-lights, three in number, are to be sent over the sea by the firm of Schuckertt, in Nuremberg, Bavaria. Ingenious and bold as American electricians may be, they have not found the secret of success in the manufacture of these marvellous lights. One of the three German reflectors, the largest, is to be placed at the top of a tower 300 feet in height, and built especially for this purpose by the exposition. This light is so constructed as to be easily revolved, thus, at the will of the man behind it, throwing a great, luminous, far-reaching stream in any direction. Its two companions will be fixed 100 feet lower, to the east and west of the tower. One of the minor lights is the same that caused much comment and sensation throughout Europe when it was operated at the electrical exposition in Frankfort-on-the-Main. The rays from its wonderful reflector lit up the country over a linear space of 45 miles, widening mathematically with the distance, and cast a shadow at Bingen.

The two lesser lights are fitted up with reflectors six feet in diameter. That of the Frankfort light is of ground glass, parabolic in figure, and is placed behind a lamp of the strength of 25,000 candles. It is contructed to throw diverging, converging, or parallel rays. The light that will be placed at the top of the tower will be one-third larger than either of these. The plate-glass to be used as its reflector will alone weigh more than 2600 pounds. When it is remembered that the German inventors have arranged a pretty and artistic play of varying colors, through which the light streaming from the reflectors of these three great lamps will run, some idea of the grandeur of the general effect may be entertained. Another feature of the electric-lighting of the fair (one that has already received some attention) is the subaqueous illumination beneath the surface of the lagoon and Lake Michigan.

The varied machinery in all of the buildings devoted to the uses of exhibitors will be set and maintained in motion by the power distributed from the central plant. From the service building more than 5000 horse-power will be fed to the fifteen departments. An intra-mural elevated railway, six miles in length, passing before the mainland entrances of all the buildings, will be operated by the electrical force furnished by the power-house. Arrangements have been made with the Western Union and Postal Telegraph companies whereby branch offices will be established in all the departments. There will also be a completely equipped central station for the press. Here, too, the best results that have been obtained in the experiments in telephone trials at long distances will be perfectly shown. The Bell Company has filled its promise with the chief of the electrical department to complete its line between New York and Chicago, and to run the wire into the grounds at the park. Thus will be established a practical telephone service between Boston, New York, and Chicago.

The subject of navigation by electricity will not be neglected. Work is going forward on the construction of a line of electrical launches (an omnibus line) that will be given over to passenger service, and will navigate the water system within the grounds. These launches will transport the people, and deposit them at the waterway entrances to all of the buildings. All hoists and passenger elevators in all buildings will be operated by electricity, and not by hydraulic or steam power.

In designing the building for electricity the architects awarded the work had especial care to fashion the exterior for purposes of illumination and night effects. The roof is constructed entirely of glass, and this is also true of the walls, with the exception of the supporting columns. The interior of the building will be brilliantly illuminated, and the result will be that the structure, looked at exteriorly, will be one great blaze of light. There will be a fantastical arrangement of arc and incandescent lamps in the turrets and pavilions of the building.

Mr. Edison is arranging a historic exhibit of all his inventions. It will show a large variety of incandescent lamps, and a most interesting collection of the uses and abuses to which the famous phonograph may be put. The most startling feature of his display will be his illustration of the wonders of his kinetograph in conjunction with the telephone. Mr. Edison holds that with the kinetograph and the telephone combined he can reproduce, visually and audibly, a theatrical performance many miles away from the scene of the actual production. Let us say that he selects a performance at a theatre in St. Louis; he will confidently undertake to represent *the same performance* in Chicago, at a distance of 280 miles from the scene, and this synchronously with the actual performance at St. Louis.

Part of the electrical display will be the night fountain that is to be erected before one of the main entrances of the Administration Building. New-Yorkers who have seen the Wiman fountain that played some years ago at the exhibition at St. George's, in Staten Island, and Chicagoans who have seen a similar fountain at Lincoln Park, will be familiar with the principle on which the World's Fair fountain is to be constructed and operated. It should be said, however, that the new fountain will be of giant proportion when compared with either the Wiman fountain at St. George's grounds or the Yerkes fountain at Lincoln Park in Chicago.

Within the Electricity Building the most glaring object will be a tower of peculiar design that will occupy the 30-foot circular space in the centre. A certain company has taken this space, and will erect upon it the glass model of an Oriental temple, the height of which is to be ten feet. It will be constructed of columns of spiral crystal. The roof and friezes will be of cut tinted Bohemian crystal, with minarets made in tiers of tinted globes of crystal, inside of which will glow incandescent bulb lights, varying in power according to the size of the globe.

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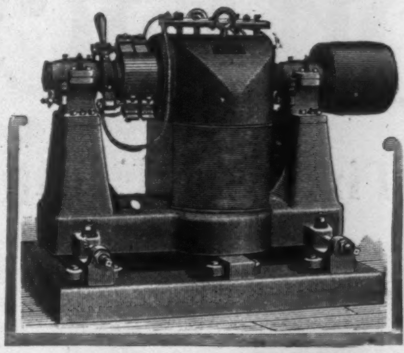

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How eagerly lovers of the sport respond to the summons no one need be told who has seen the scores of men and boys hurrying toward the boats which leave the North River piers at 8 A.M. Some time before the hour of departure the anxious anglers begin to gather from different directions. Many nationalities are represented at their best and worst. It is a motley throng that jostles and touches elbows. Some of the fishermen chatter in what is popularly known as "Eyetalian"; others growl in Plattdeutsch. Over there a stout German with a shock of tow-colored hair and a long blond mustache strikes up an acquaintance with a native of the Emerald Isle, who handles his rod like a shillalah. Here you may see the prudent angler, who is provided with a square basket, painted green, holding within hooks, lines, and lunch. There you notice a tall, thin-chested young man, who wanders disconsolately around, smoking cigarettes. He is a clerk, probably, on a twenty-four hours' vacation.

Promptly on time the boat leaves the dock and points down the bay. The Sandy Hook Light-house once passed, we are out on the ocean. A good stiff breeze is blowing from sou'west, and the boat begins to pitch and to rock like a hobby-horse. Then you notice that a few fresh-water fishermen turn pale, clutch the guard-rails and lean over; others take to the cabin, and there curl up on the cushions.

About ten o'clock we are off the Jersey shore and the Cholera-banks. Quite a number of fishing-boats were there ahead of us. One small excursion steamer had a brass band on board, and the excursionists were dancing and howling like a troop of Comanche Indians. Our boat had hardly anchored when the long-delayed and impatient anglers entered into a good-natured scramble for places along the rail. Every one was determined to have his line into the water before his neighbor. Now was heard the whir-r-r, the spin, and click of reels, and the kersplash of heavy sinkers—music to the fisherman's ear. Several wagers were laid among friends as to who should have the honor of landing the first fish.

During the first half-hour the fish kept on biting, and the sport was good. Every one with a hook and line caught something. The thin-chested clerk could not restrain his joy every time he hooked a fish. So he yelled, once or twice, "I've got 'im! I've got 'im!" The noise rather provoked a red-nosed veteran, who growled out: "Stop yer howlin'! Do yer want ter scare 'way all de fish?" Of course the young man did not want to frighten the fish. He blushed, looked shamefaced, and subsided.

After a while the sport grew tame; the fish made up their minds not to bite. Those who fished from the bow of the boat had no luck at all. Many of them shouted to the captain, "W'en yer goin' ter move de boat?" The anglers in the stern were well satisfied, and so they said: "What's de matter wid dose chumps? Dey don't know how ter fish, anyway." It was now lunch-time, and by common consent fishing was abandoned. The black bottles were brought forth from their hiding-places; a raid was made on the lunch-counter and bar. Later on sleep claimed for her own many individuals, who stretched themselves on the shady side of the boat, and awoke when the hot rays of the July sun streamed in their faces.

The whistle sounded its note of warning about four o'clock. The anchor was hauled up, and the boat pointed her sharp nose toward the Statue of Liberty. The day's fishing was over, and we had added items to our catalogue of curious experiences. Thus the illustrations of the artist bring back the mixed crowd of fishermen—the seasick fellows on the way down, the rush for places, the confusion and tangle of lines, the black bottles, the heavy sandwiches, and the game of poker in the cabin on the way home.

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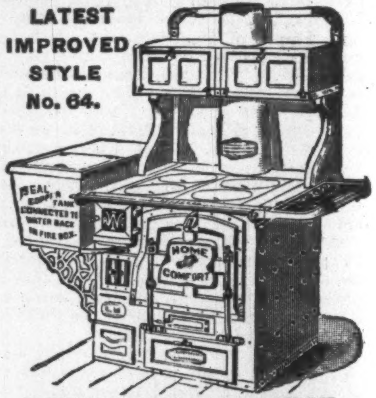
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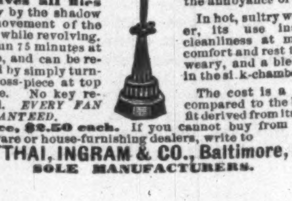

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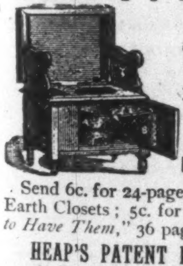

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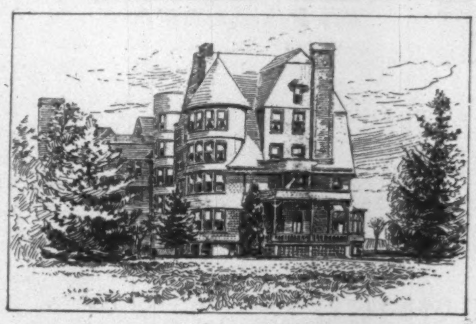

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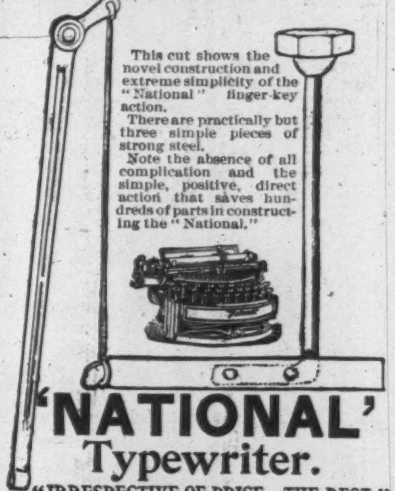

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